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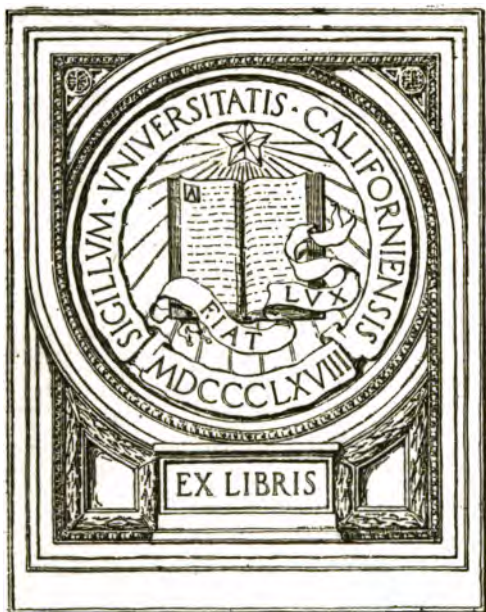


The Poetry of Peace

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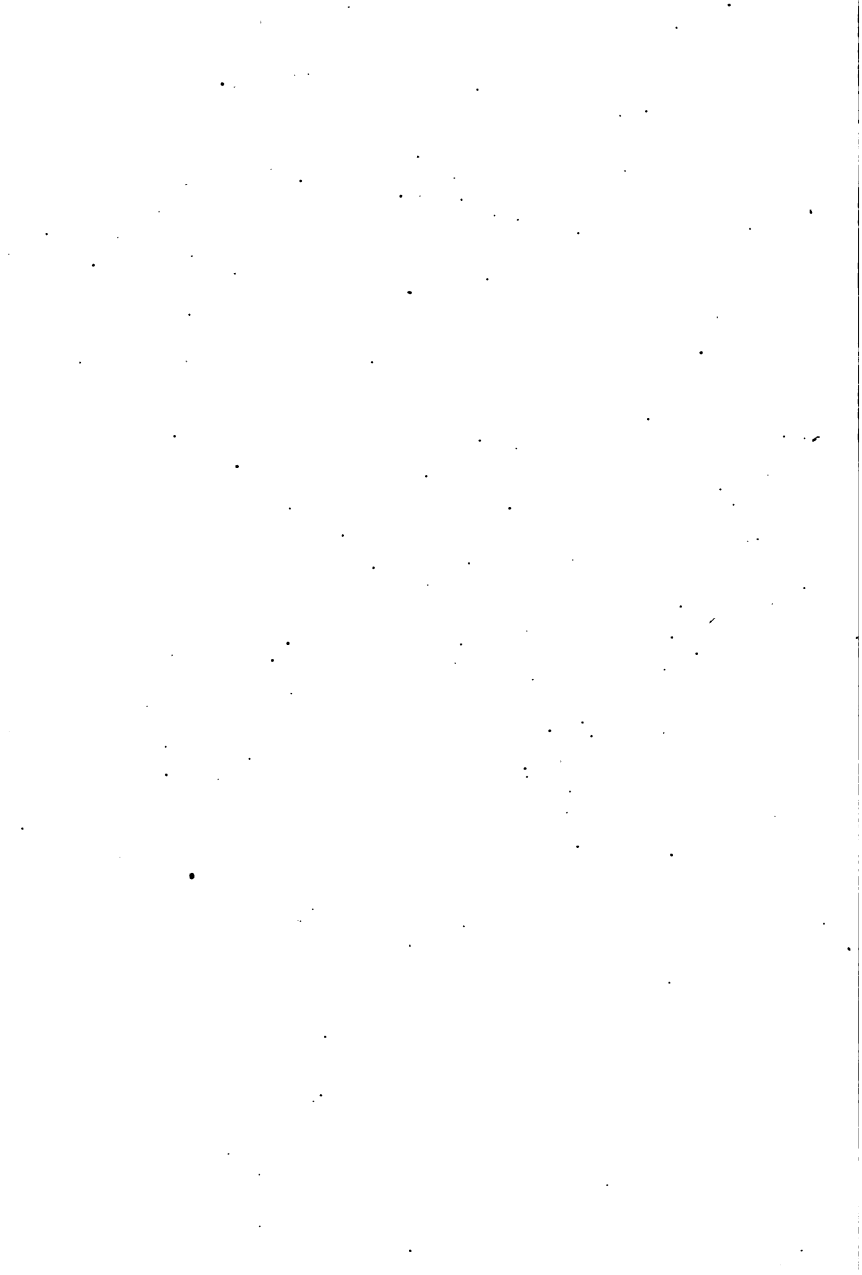
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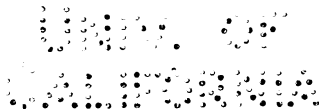




THE POETRY OF PEACE

SELECTED BY

Robert M. Leonard
R. M. LEONARD
"



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PREFATORY NOTE

IN days when all one's faith in humanity was needed to retain 'the rapture of the forward view' this collection of poems was made, as some contribution to that 'Peace Book' of which our statesmen spoke when the blessed word reconstruction first came into fashion. Much of the poetry of peace must be rejected, or reserved for an Anthology of the Worst Poetry, or ruled out, if for no other reason, because of Time's revenges. War has proved more inspiring than peace—

ever since historian writ,
And ever since a bard could sing.

But the poets who knew war at close quarters have written some of the best peace poems. The period covered in these pages is from the fall of Lucifer to the fall of Kruger; it does not include poets whose singing has been silenced on the field of battle with Germany and her allies, nor younger contemporaries of the Poet Laureate and Mr. Hardy.

The arrangement needs a brief explanation. It begins with peace in history—in England, the Continent of Europe, America; continues with the vision of war and peace in the imaginative traditions of the Old and New Worlds; then includes meditative poems—some on the causes of war, and others on peace of mind, and on the peace above all earthly dignities, which transcends any ratified by Governments. Finally the poets forecast the future—the brighter Hellas which we may surely hope to see established, 'good, great, and joyous,

4. PREFATORY NOTE

beautiful and free. But the brave wars of peace demand reinforcements from those who, happily, have not known the agony and bloody sweat of these years of war : may wisdom be justified of them !

I have to thank Mr. Charles Williams for help, the great value of which can only be appreciated by those who are fortunate enough to be familiar with his own published poems ; and to acknowledge gratefully the permission of the Poet Laureate to reprint his odes, of Mr. Hardy to include his ' Sick Battle God ', and of Messrs. Burns and Oates to add Francis Thompson's ode—these poems all being inspired by the peace which ended the South African War. I am indebted also to Mrs. Dixon for the sonnet by the late Canon Dixon, a poet too little known ; to the late Mrs. Waterhouse for the solitary poem on the Franco-Prussian peace ; and to Mr. John Murray for the ' Vista ' of J. A. Symonds.

R. M. LEONARD,

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THE POETRY OF PEACE



‘PEACE PUTS FORTH HER OLIVE’

Archbishop of York. Say on, my Lord of West-
moreland, in peace,

What doth concern your coming.

Westmoreland.

Then, my lord,

Unto your Grace do I in chief address

The substance of my speech . . .

. . . You, lord archbishop,

Whose see is by a civil peace maintained, 5

Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touched,

Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutored,

Whose white investments figure innocence,

The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,

Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself, 10

Out of the speech of peace that bears such grace

Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war ;

Turning your books to greaves, your ink to blood,

Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine

To a loud trumpet and a point of war ? 15

Archbishop. . . . The examples

Of every minute's instance, present now,

Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms ;

Not to break peace, or any branch of it,

But to establish here a peace indeed, 20

Concurring both in name and quality. . . .

Mowbray. There is a thing within my bosom
tells me

That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hastings. Fear you not that : if we can make
our peace

Upon such large terms, and so absolute 25

As our conditions shall consist upon,

Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowbray. Yea, but our valuation shall be such

That every slight and false-derived cause,

Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason 30

Shall to the king taste of this action ;

That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,

We shall be winnowed with so rough a wind

That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff

And good from bad find no partition. 35

Archbishop. No, no, my lord. Note this ; the
king is weary

Of dainty and such picking grievances. . . .

Be assured, my good lord marshal,

If we do now make our atonement well,

Our peace will, like a broken limb united, 40

Grow stronger for the breaking.

John of Lancaster. . . . You have taken up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my father ;
And both against the peace of heaven and him 45
Have here upswarmed them.

Archbishop. Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace ;
But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,
The time misordered doth, in common sense,
Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form, 50
To hold our safety up. I sent your Grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief,—
The which hath been with scorn shoved from the
court,—

Whereon this Hydra son of war is born ; 54
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charmed asleep
With grant of our most just and right desires,
And true obedience, of this madness cured,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty. . . .

Lancaster. My lord, these griefs shall be with
speed redressed ;
Upon my soul they shall. 60

Archbishop. A peace is of the nature of a con-
quest ;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

THE PEACE AFTER AGINCOURT

King Henry. Peace to this meeting, wherefore
we are met !

Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day ; joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine ;
And, as a branch and member of this royalty, 5
By whom this great assembly is contrived,
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy ;
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all !

French King. Right joyous are we to behold
your face,
Most worthy brother England ; fairly met : 10
So are you, princes English, every one.

Queen Isabel. So happy be the issue, brother
England,
Of this good day and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes ;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them 15
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks :
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love. 20

King Henry. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Queen Isabel. You English princes all, I do salute
you.

Burgundy. My duty to you both, on equal love,

Great Kings of France and England ! That I have
laboured

With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours, 25

To bring your most imperial majesties

Unto this bar and royal interview,

Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.

Since then my office hath so far prevailed

That face to face, and royal eye to eye, 30

You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me

If I demand before this royal view,

What rub or what impediment there is,

Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace,

Dear nurse of hearts, plenties, and joyful births, 35

Should not in this best garden of the world,

Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage ?

Alas ! she hath from France too long been chased,

And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,

Corrupting in its own fertility. 40

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,

Unpruned dies ; her hedges even-pleached,

Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,

Put forth disordered twigs ; her fallow leas

The darnel, hemlock and rank fumitory 45

Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts

That should deracinate such savagery ;

The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth

The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,

Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank, 50

Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems

But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
 Losing both beauty and utility ;
 And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
 Defective in their natures, grow to wildness, 55
 Even so our houses and ourselves and children
 Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
 The sciences that should become our country,
 But grow like savages,—as soldiers will,
 That nothing do but meditate on blood,— 60
 To swearing and stern looks, diffused attire,
 And every thing that seems unnatural.
 Which to reduce into our former favour
 You are assembled ; and my speech entreats
 That I may know the let why gentle Peace 65
 Should not expel these inconveniences,
 And bless us with her former qualities. . . .

Queen Isabel. Haply a woman's voice may do
 some good

When articles too nicely urged be stood on.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

GRIM-VISAGED WAR

Gloucester. Now is the winter of our discontent
 Made glorious summer by this sun of York ;
 And all the clouds that loured upon our house
 In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
 Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths ; 5
 Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;
 Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings ;

Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front ;
And now,—instead of mounting barbèd steeds, 10
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
And on the neck of crownèd Fortune proud 5
Hast reared God's trophies, and His work pursued,
While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbrued
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath ; yet much remains
To conquer still ; peace hath her victories 10
No less renowned than war, new foes arise
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains :
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves whose gospel is their maw.

J. MILTON.

IN COMMENDATION OF THE TIME WE LIVE IN,
UNDER THE REIGN OF OUR GRACIOUS KING
CHARLES II

CURSED be that wretch (Death's factor sure) who
brought

Dire swords into the peaceful world, and taught
Smiths, who before could only make
The spade, the ploughshare, and the rake,
Arts, in most cruel wise
Man's life to epitomize.

Then men (fond men, alas !) ride post to the grave,
And cut those threads which yet the Fates would
save :

Then Charon sweated at his trade,

And had a larger ferry made.

Then, then the silver hair,

Frequent before, grew rare.

Then Revenge married to Ambition,

Begat black War ; then Avarice crept on ;

Then limits to each field were strained,

And Terminus a godhead gained :

To men before was found,

Besides the sea, no bound.

In what plain or what river hath not been
War's story writ in blood (sad story !) seen ?

This truth too well our England knows ;

'Twas civil slaughter dyed her Rose ;

Nay, then her Lily, too,

With blood's loss paler grew.

Such griefs, nay worse than these, we now should
feel, 25

Did not just Charles silence the rage of steel ;
He to our land blest peace doth bring,
All neighbour-countries envying.
Happy who did remain
Unborn till Charles's reign ! 30

Where, dreaming Chemics, is your pain and cost ?
How is your oil, how is your labour, lost !
Our Charles, blest alchemist ! (though strange,
Believe it, future times !) did change
The Iron Age of old, 35
Into an Age of Gold.

A. COWLEY.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green 5
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found ; 10
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

- Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by ;
And then the old man shook his head, 15
And, with a natural sigh,
' 'Tis some poor fellow's skull,' said he,
' Who fell in the great victory.
- ' I find them in the garden,
For there 's many here about ; 20
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out !
For many thousand men,' said he,
' Were slain in that great victory.'
- ' Now tell us what 'twas all about,' 25
Young Peterkin, he cries ;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
' Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for.' 30
- ' It was the English,' Kaspar cried,
' Who put the French to rout ;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out ;
But everybody said,' quoth he, 35
' That 'twas a famous victory.
- ' My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by ;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,

And he was forced to fly ; 40
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

' With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then, 45
And new-born baby died ;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

' They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won ; 50
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun ;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

' Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won, 55
And our good Prince Eugene.'

' Why, 'twas a very wicked thing ! '
Said little Wilhelmine.

' Nay . . nay . . my little girl,' quoth he,
' It was a famous victory. 60

' And every body praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win.'

' But what good came of it at last ? '
Quoth little Peterkin.

' Why that I cannot tell,' said he, 65
' But 'twas a famous victory.'

R. SOUTHEY.

ODE : 1815

I

IMAGINATION—ne'er before content,
 But aye ascending, restless in her pride,
 From all that martial feats could yield
 To her desires, or to her hopes present—
 Stooped to the victory on that Belgic field 5
 Achieved, this closing deed magnificent,
 And with the embrace was satisfied.

—Fly, ministers of fame, [claim !
 With every help that ye from earth and heaven may
 Bear through the world these tidings of delight ! 10
 —Hours, days, and months, *have* borne them in the
 sight

Of mortals, hurrying like a sudden shower
 That landward stretches from the sea,
 The morning's splendours to devour ;
 But this swift travel scorns the company 15
 Of irksome change, or threats from saddening power.

—*The shock is given—the Adversaries bleed—*
Lo, Justice triumphs ! Earth is freed !
 Joyful annunciation !—it went forth—
 It pierced the caverns of the sluggish North— 20
 It found no barrier on the ridge
 Of Andes—frozen gulfs became its bridge—
 The vast Pacific gladdens with the freight—
 Upon the Lakes of Asia 'tis bestowed—
 The Arabian desert shapes a willing road 25
 Across her burning breast,

For this refreshing incense from the West !—

Where snakes and lions breed,

Where towns and cities thick as stars appear,

Wherever fruits are gathered, and where'er 30

The upturned soil receives the hopeful seed—

While the sun rules, and cross the shades of night—

The unwearied arrow hath pursued its flight !

The eyes of good men thankfully give heed,

And in its sparkling progress read 35

Of virtue crowned with glory's deathless meed :

Tyrants exult to hear of kingdoms won,

And slaves are pleased to learn that mighty feats are

done ; [borders

Even the proud realm, from whose distracted

This messenger of good was launched in air, 40

France, humbled France, amid her wild disorders,

Feels, and hereafter shall the truth declare,

That she too lacks not reason to rejoice, [voice.

And utter England's name with sadly-plausive

II

O genuine glory, pure renown ! 45

And well might it beseem that mighty town

Into whose bosom earth's best treasures flow,

To whom all persecuted men retreat ;

If a new temple lift her votive brow

High on the shore of silver Thames—to greet 50

The peaceful guest advancing from afar.

Bright be the fabric, as a star

Fresh risen, and beautiful within !—there meet

Dependence infinite, proportion just ;
 A pile that grace approves, and time can trust 55
 With his most sacred wealth, heroic dust.

III

But if the valiant of this land
 In reverential modesty demand,
 That all observance, due to them, be paid
 Where their serene progenitors are laid ; 60
 Kings, warriors, high-souled poets, saint-like sages,
 England's illustrious sons of long, long ages ;
 Be it not unordained that solemn rites,
 Within the circuit of those Gothic walls,
 Shall be performed at pregnant intervals ; 65
 Commemoration holy that unites
 The living generations with the dead ;
 By the deep soul-moving sense
 Of religious eloquence,—
 By visual pomp, and by the tie 70
 Of sweet and threatening harmony ;
 Soft notes, awful as the omen
 Of destructive tempests coming,
 And escaping from that sadness
 Into elevated gladness ; 75
 While the white-robed choir attendant,
 Under mouldering banners pendant,
 Provoke all potent symphonies to raise
 Songs of victory and praise,
 For them who bravely stood unhurt, or bled 80

With medicable wounds, or found their graves
Upon the battle field, or under ocean's waves ;
Or were conducted home in single state,
And long procession—there to lie,
Where their sons' sons, and all posterity, 85
Unheard by them, their deeds shall celebrate !

IV

Nor will the God of peace and love
Such martial service disapprove.
He guides the pestilence—the cloud
Of locusts travels on his breath ; 90
The region that in hope was ploughed
His drought consumes, his mildew taints with death ;
He springs the hushed volcano's mine,
He puts the earthquake on her still design,
Darkens the sun, hath bade the forest sink, 95
And, drinking towns and cities, still can drink
Cities and towns—'tis thou—the work is thine !—
The fierce tornado sleeps within thy courts—
He hears the word—he flies—
And navies perish in their ports ; 100
For thou art angry with thine enemies !
For these, and mourning for our errors,
And sins, that point their terrors,
We bow our heads before thee, and we laud
And magnify thy name, Almighty God ! 105
But man is thy most awful instrument,
In working out a pure intent ;

Thou cloth'st the wicked in their dazzling mail,
 And for thy righteous purpose they prevail ;
 Thine arm from peril guards the coasts 110
 Of them who in thy laws delight :
 Thy presence turns the scale of doubtful fight,
 Tremendous God of battles, Lord of Hosts !

V

Forbear :—to thee—
 Father and Judge of all, with fervent tongue, 115
 But in a gentler strain
 Of contemplation, by no sense of wrong
 (Too quick and keen) incited to disdain
 Of pity pleading from the heart in vain—
 TO THEE—TO THEE, 120
 Just God of christianised humanity,
 Shall praises be poured forth, and thanks ascend,
 That thou hast brought our warfare to an end,
 And that we need no second victory !
 Blest, above measure blest, 125
 If on thy love our land her hopes shall rest,
 And all the nations labour to fulfil
 Thy law, and live henceforth in peace, in pure good
 will.

W. WORDSWORTH.

ODE: THE MORNING OF THE DAY AP-
POINTED FOR A GENERAL THANKS-
GIVING, JANUARY 18, 1816

PRESERVE, O Lord ! within our hearts
The memory of thy favour,
That else insensibly departs,
And loses its sweet savour !
Lodge it within us !—as the power of light 5
Lives inexhaustibly in precious gems,
Fixed on the front of eastern diadems,
So shine our thankfulness for ever bright !
What offering, what transcendent monument
Shall our sincerity to thee present ? 10
—Not work of hands ; but trophies that may reach
To highest Heaven—the labour of the soul ;
That builds, as thy unerring precepts teach,
Upon the internal conquests made by each,
Her hope of lasting glory for the whole. 15
Yet will not heaven disown nor earth gainsay
The outward service of this day ;
Whether the worshippers entreat
Forgiveness from God's mercy-seat ;
Or thanks and praises to his throne ascend 20
That he has brought our warfare to an end,
And that we need no second victory !——
Ha ! what a ghastly sight for man to see ;
And to the heavenly saints in peace who dwell,
For a brief moment, terrible ; 25
But, to thy sovereign penetration, fair,

Before whom all things are, that were,
 All judgements that have been, or e'er shall be ;
 Links in the chain of thy tranquillity !
 Along the bosom of this favoured nation, 30
 Breathe thou, this day, a vital undulation !
 Let all who do this land inherit
 Be conscious of thy moving spirit !
 Oh, 'tis a goodly ordinance,—the sight,
 Though sprung from bleeding war, is one of pure
 delight ; 35
 Bless thou the hour, or ere the hour arrive,
 When a whole people shall kneel down in prayer,
 And, at one moment, in one rapture, strive
 With lip and heart to tell their gratitude
 For thy protecting care, 40
 Their solemn joy—praising the Eternal Lord
 For tyranny subdued,
 And for the sway of equity renewed,
 For liberty confirmed, and peace restored !

W. WORDSWORTH.

THANKSGIVING FOR VICTORY

GLORY to thee in thine omnipotence,
 O Lord, who art our shield and our defence,
 And dost dispense,
 As seemeth best to thine unerring will
 (Which passeth mortal sense), 5
 The lot of Victory still ;
 Edging sometimes with might the sword unjust ;

And bowing to the dust
The rightful cause, that so much seeming ill
 May thine appointed purposes fulfil ; 10
Sometimes, as in this late auspicious hour
 For which our hymns we raise,
Making the wicked feel thy present power ;
 Glory to thee and praise, 14
Almighty God, by whom our strength was given !
Glory to thee, O Lord of Earth and Heaven !

R. SOUTHEY.

THROUGH RIGHTFUL WAR AUSPICIOUS PEACE

PEACE she hath won, . . with her victorious hand
Hath won through rightful war auspicious peace ;
Nor this alone, but that in every land
The withering rule of violence may cease.
Was ever War with such blest victory crowned ! 5
Did ever Victory with such fruits abound !

Rightly for this shall all good men rejoice,
They most who most abhor all deeds of blood ;
Rightly for this with reverential voice
Exalt to Heaven their hymns of gratitude ; 10
For ne'er till now did Heaven thy country bless
With such transcendent cause for joy and thank-
fulness.

If they in heart all tyranny abhor,
This was the fall of Freedom's direst foe ;
If they detest the impious lust of war, 15
Here hath that passion had its overthrow ; . .
As the best prospects of mankind are dear,
Their joy should be complete, their prayers of praise
sincere.

R. SOUTHEY.

NAPOLEON

He captured many thousand guns ;
He wrote ' The Great ' before his name ;
And dying, only left his sons
The recollection of his shame.

Though more than half the world was his, 5
He died without a rood his own ;
And borrowed from his enemies
Six foot of ground to lie upon.

He fought a thousand glorious wars,
And more than half the world was his, 10
And somewhere, now, in yonder stars,
Can tell, mayhap, what greatness is.

W. M. THACKERAY.

MARS DISARMED BY LOVE

Ay, bear it hence, thou blessed child,
Though dire the burden be,
And hide it in the pathless wild,
Or drown it in the sea !
The ruthless murderer prays and swears— 5
So let him swear and pray !
Be deaf to all his oaths and prayers,
And take the sword away.

We've had enough of fleets and camps,
Guns, glories, odes, gazettes, 10
Triumphal arches, coloured lamps,
Huzzas, and epaulettes ;
We could not bear upon our head
Another leaf of bay ;
That horrid Buonaparte's dead ;— 15
Yes, take the sword away.

We're weary of the noisy boasts
That pleased our patriot throngs ;
We've long been dull to Gooch's toasts,
And tame to Dibdin's songs ; 20
We're quite content to rule the wave
Without a great display ;
We're known to be extremely brave ;
But take the sword away.

- We give a shrug when fife and drum
Play up a favourite air ;
We think our barracks are become
More ugly than they were ;
We laugh to see the banners float ;
We loathe the charger's bray ;
We don't admire a scarlet coat ;
Do take the sword away !
25
- Let Portugal have rulers twain ;
Let Greece go on with none,
Let Popery sink or swim in Spain,
While we enjoy the fun ;
Let Turkey tremble at the knout ;
Let Algiers lose her Dey ;
Let Paris turn her Bourbons out ;—
Bah ! take the sword away.
30
- Our honest friends in Parliament
Are looking vastly sad ;
Our farmers say with one consent
It's all immensely bad ;
There was a time for borrowing,
And now it's time to pay ;
A budget is a serious thing ;
So take the sword away.
35
- And oh the bitter tears we wept,
In those our days of fame—
The dread that o'er our heart-strings crept
With every post that came,—
40
- 45
- 50

The home-affections waged and lost
In every far-off fray,—
The price that British glory cost ! 55
Ah, take the sword away !

We've plenty left to hoist the sail,
Or mount the dangerous breach,
And Freedom breathes in every gale
That wanders round our beach. 60
When Duty bids us dare or die,
We'll fight another day ;
But till we know the reason why,
Take, take the sword away !

W. M. PRAED.

THE PEACE CONVENTION AT BRUSSELS

STILL in thy streets, O Paris ! doth the stain
Of blood defy the cleansing autumn rain ;
Still breaks the smoke Messina's ruins through,
And Naples mourns that new Bartholomew,
When squalid beggary, for a dole of bread, 5
At a crowned murderer's beck of license, fed
The yawning trenches with her noble dead ;
Still, doomed Vienna, through thy stately halls
The shell goes crashing and the red shot falls,
And, leagued to crush thee, on the Danube's side,
The bearded Croat and Bosniak spearman ride ; 11
Still in that vale where Himalaya's snow

Melts round the cornfields and the vines below,
The Sikh's hot cannon, answering ball for ball,
Flames in the breach of Moultan's shattered wall ; 15
On Chenab's side the vulture seeks the slain,
And Sutlej paints with blood its banks again.

' What folly, then,' the faithless critic cries,
With sneering lip, and wise world-knowing eyes,
' While fort to fort, and post to post, repeat 20
The ceaseless challenge of the war-drum's beat,
And round the green earth, to the church-bell's
chime,

The morning drum-roll of the camp keeps time,
To dream of peace amidst a world in arms,
Of swords to ploughshares changed by Scriptural
charms, 25

Of nations, drunken with the wine of blood,
Staggering to take the Pledge of Brotherhood,
Like tipplers answering Father Mathew's call ;
The sullen Spaniard, and the mad-cap Gaul,
The bull-dog Briton, yielding but with life, 30
The Yankee swaggering with his bowie-knife,
The Russ, from banquets with the vulture shared,
The blood still dripping from his amber beard,
Quitting their mad Berserker dance to hear
The dull, meek droning of a drab-coat seer ; 35
Leaving the sport of Presidents and Kings,
Where men for dice each titled gambler flings,
To meet alternate on the Seine and Thames,
For tea and gossip, like old country dames !

No ! let the cravens plead the weakling's cant, 40
Let Cobden cipher, and let Vincent rant,
Let Sturge preach peace to democratic throngs,
And Burritt, stammering through his hundred
Repeat, in all, his ghostly lessons o'er, [tongues,
Timed to the pauses of the battery's roar ; 45
Check Ban or Kaiser with the barricade
Of " Olive-leaves " and Resolutions made,
Spike guns with pointed Scripture-texts, and hope
To capsizé navies with a windy trope :
Still shall the glory and the pomp of War 50
Along their train the shouting millions draw ;
Still dusty Labour to the passing Brave
His cap shall doff, and Beauty's kerchief wave ;
Still shall the bard to Valour tune his song,
Still Hero-worship kneel before the Strong ; 55
Rosy and sleek, the sable-gowned divine,
O'er his third bottle of suggestive wine,
To plumed and sworded auditors, shall prove
Their trade accordant with the Law of Love ;
And Church for State, and State for Church, shall
fight, 60
And both agree, that " Might alone is Right ! " "
Despite of sneers like these, O faithful few,
Who dare to hold God's word and witness true,
Whose clear-eyed faith transcends our evil time,
And o'er the present wilderness of crime 65
Sees the calm future, with its robes of green,
Its fleece-flecked mountains, and soft streams
between,—

Still keep the path which duty bids ye tread,
 Though worldly wisdom shake the cautious head ;
 No truth from Heaven descends upon our sphere, 70
 Without the greeting of the sceptic's sneer ;
 Denied and mocked at, till its blessings fall,
 Common as dew and sunshine, over all.

Then, o'er Earth's war-field, till the strife shall
 cease,
 Like Morven's harpers, sing your song of peace ; 75
 As in old fable rang the Thracian's lyre,
 Midst howl of fiends and roar of penal fire,
 Till the fierce din to pleasing murmurs fell,
 And love subdued the maddened heart of hell.

J. G. WHITTIER.

1848.

THE PEACE OF EUROPE

' GREAT peace in Europe ! Order reigns
 From Tiber's hills to Danube's plains ! '
 So say her kings and priests ; so say
 The lying prophets of our day.

Go lay to earth a listening ear ; 5
 The tramp of measured marches hear ;
 The rolling of the cannon's wheel,
 The shotted musket's murderous peal,
 The night alarm, the sentry's call,
 The quick-eared spy in hut and hall ! 10
 From Polar sea and tropic fen

The dying groans of exiled men !
The bolted cell, the galley's chains,
The scaffold smoking with its stains !
Order, the hush of brooding slaves ! 15
Peace, in the dungeon-vaults and graves !

O Fisher ! of the world-wide net,
With meshes in all waters set,
Whose fabled keys of heaven and hell
Bolt hard the patriot's prison-cell, 20
And open wide the banquet-hall,
Where kings and priests hold carnival !
Weak vassal tricked in royal guise,
Boy Kaiser with thy lip of lies ;
Base gambler for Napoleon's crown, 25
Barnacle on his dead renown !
Thou, Bourbon Neapolitan,
Crowned scandal, loathed of God and man ;
And thou, fell Spider of the North !
Stretching thy giant feelers forth, 30
Within whose web the freedom dies
Of nations eaten up like flies !
Speak, Prince and Kaiser, Priest and Czar !
If this be Peace, pray what is War ?

White Angel of the Lord ! unmeet 35
That soil accursed for thy pure feet.
Never in Slavery's desert flows
The fountain of thy charmed repose ;
No tyrant's hand thy chaplet weaves

Of lilies and of olive-leaves ; 40
 Not with the wicked shalt thou dwell,
 Thus saith the Eternal Oracle ;
 Thy home is with the pure and free !
 Stern herald of thy better day,
 Before thee, to prepare thy way, 45
 The Baptist Shade of Liberty,
 Grey, scarred and hairy-robed, must press
 With bleeding feet the wilderness !
 Oh that its voice might pierce the ear
 Of princes, trembling while they hear 50
 A cry as of the Hebrew seer :
 Repent ! God's kingdom draweth near !

1852.

J. G. WHITTIER.

IS IT PEACE OR WAR ?

WHY do they prate of the blessings of Peace ? we
 have made them a curse, [own ;
 Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is not its
 And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain, is it better or
 worse [own hearthstone ?
 Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war on his

But these are the days of advance, the works of the
 men of mind, 5
 When who but a fool would have faith in a trades-
 man's ware or his word ?
 Is it peace or war ? Civil war, as I think, and that
 of a kind [sword.
 The viler, as underhand, not openly bearing the

Peace sitting under her olive, and slurring the days
gone by,
When the poor are hovelled and hustled together,
each sex, like swine, 10
When only the ledger lives, and when only not all
men lie ;
.Peace in her vineyard—yes !—but a company forges
the wine.

And the vitriol madness flushes up in the ruffian's
head,
Till the filthy by-lane rings to the yell of the
trampled wife,
And chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the poor
for bread, 15
And the spirit of murder works in the very means
of life,

And Sleep must lie down armed, for the villainous
centre-bits
Grind on the wakeful ear in the hush of the
moonless nights,
While another is cheating the sick of a few last
gasps, as he sits
To pestle a poisoned poison behind his crimson
lights. 20

When a Mammonite mother kills her babe for a
burial fee, [bones,
And Timour-Mammon grins on a pile of children's

Is it peace or war? better, war! loud war by
 land and by sea,
 War with a thousand battles, and shaking a hundred
 thrones.

For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder round
 by the hill, 25
 And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the three-
 decker out of the foam,
 That the smooth-faced snub-nosed rogue would leap
 from his counter and till,
 And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating
 yardwand, home. LORD TENNYSON.

PEACE WHICH IS NO COUNTERFEIT

A CRY is up in England, which doth ring
 The hollow world through, that for ends of trade
 And virtue, and God's better worshipping,
 We henceforth should exalt the name of Peace,
 And leave those rusty wars that eat the soul,— 5
 Besides their clippings at our golden fleece.
 I, too, have loved peace, and from bole to bole
 Of immemorial, undeciduous trees,
 Would write, as lovers use, upon a scroll,
 The holy name of Peace, and set it high 10
 Where none could pluck it down. On trees, I say,—
 Not upon gibbets!—With the greenery
 Of dewy branches and the flowery May,
 Sweet mediation betwixt earth and sky

Providing, for the shepherd's holiday. 15

Not upon gibbets!—though the vulture leaves
The bones to quiet, which he first picked bare.

Not upon dungeons!—though the wretch who
grieves

And groans within, less stirs the outer air

Than any little field-mouse stirs the sheaves. 20

Not upon chain-bolts! though the slave's despair

Has dulled his helpless, miserable brain,

And left him blank beneath the freeman's whip,

To sing and laugh out idiocies of pain.

Nor yet on starving homes! where many a lip 25

Has sobbed itself asleep through curses vain.

I love no peace which is not fellowship,

And which includes not mercy. I would have

Rather, the raking of the guns across [trave ;

The world, and shrieks against Heaven's archi-

Rather, the struggle in the slippery fosse 31

Of dying men and horses, and the wave

Blood-bubbling. . . . Enough said!—by Christ's
own cross,

And by this faint heart of my womanhood,

Such things are better than a Peace that sits 35

Beside a hearth in self-commended mood,

And takes no thought how wind and rain by fits

Are howling out of doors against the good

Of the poor wanderer. What! your peace admits

Of outside anguish while it keeps at home? 40

I loathe to take its name upon my tongue.

'Tis nowise peace. 'Tis treason, stiff with doom,—

'Tis gagged despair, and inarticulate wrong,
 Annihilated Poland, stifled Rome, 44
 Dazed Naples, Hungary fainting 'neath the thong,
 And Austria wearing a smooth olive-leaf
 On her brute forehead, while her hoofs outpress
 The life from those Italian souls, in brief.
 O Lord of Peace, who art Lord of Righteousness,
 Constrain the anguished worlds from sin and grief,
 Pierce them with conscience, purge them with re-
 dress, 51
 And give us peace which is no counterfeit !

E. B. BROWNING.

THE ALLIES' GRAVE

TOGETHER lay them in one common grave,
 These noble sons of England and of France,
 Who side by side did yesterday advance,
 And to their foes a dear example gave
 Of what a freeman's worth beyond a slave. 5
 Theirs was a noble fellowship in life,
 They breathed their lives out in one glorious strife ;
 Then let them lie, the brave beside the brave.
 And sleep with them, for evermore to cease,
 Sleep with the sleep which no awaking knows, 10
 The long contention of eight hundred years :
 While from their ashes the fair tree of peace
 Springs, under which two nations may repose
 In love which ancient discord more endears.

R. C. TRENCH.

PEACE

ON THE TREATY IN SOUTH AFRICA IN 1902

PEACE :—as a dawn that flares
Within the brazier of the barrèd East,
Kindling the ruinous walls of storm surceased
To rent and roughened glares,
After such night when lateral wind and rain 5
Torment the to-and-fro perplexèd trees
With thwart encounter ; which, of fixture strong,
Take only strength from the endured pain :
And throat by throat begin
The birds to make adventure of sweet din, 10
Till all the forest prosper into song :—

Peace, even such a peace,
(O be my words an auspice !) dawns again
Upon our England, from her lethargies
Healed by that baptism of *her* cleansing pain. 15

Ended, the long endeavour of the land :
Ended, the set of manhood towards the sand
Of thirsty death ; and their more deadly death,
Who brought back only what they fain had lost,
No more worth-breathing breath,— 20
Gone the laborious and use-working hand.
Ended, the patient drip of women's tears,
Which joined the patient drip of faithful blood
To make of blood and water the sore flood
That pays our conquest's costliest cost. 25

This day, if fate dispose,
Shall make firm friends from firm and firm-met foes.
And now, Lord, since Thou hast upon hell's floor
Bound, like a snoring sea, the blood-drowsed bulk
of War,
Shall we not cry, on recognizing knees, 30
This is Thy peace ?

If, England, it be but to lay
The heavy head down, the old heavy way ;
Having a space awakened and been bold
To break from them that had thee in the snare,— 35
Resume the arms of thy false Dalila, Gold,
Shameful and nowise fair :
Forget thy sons who have lain down in bed
With Dingaen and old dynasties, nor heed
The ants that build their empires overhead ; 40
Forget their large in thy contracted deed,
And that thou stand'st twice-pledged to being great
For whom so many children greatly bleed,
Trusting thy greatness with their deaths : if thou,
England, incapable of proffered fate, 45
See in such deaths as these
But purchased pledges of unhindered mart,
And hirelings spent that in thy ringed estate
For some space longer now
Thou mayst add gain to gain, and take thine ease,—
God has made hard thy heart ; 51
Thou hast but bought thee respite, not surcease.
Lord, this is not Thy peace !

But wilt thou, England, stand
With vigilant heart and prescient brain ?— 55
Knowing there is no peace
Such as fools deem, of equal-balanced ease :—
That they who build the State
Must, like the builders of Jerusalem,
The trowel in their hand, 60
Work with the sword laid ever nigh to them.
If thou hold Honour worthy gain
At price of gold and pain ;
And all thy sail and cannon somewhat more
Than the fee'd watchers of the rich man's store. 65
If thou discern the thing which all these ward
Is that imperishable thing, a Name,
And that Name, England, which alone is lord
Where myriad-armèd India owns with awe
A few white faces ; uttered forth in flame 70
Where circling round the earth
Has English battle roared ;
Deep in mid-forest African a Law ;
That in this Name's small girth
The treasure is, thy sword and navies guard : 75
If thou wilt crop the specious sins of ease,
Whence still is War's increase,—
Proud flesh which asks for War, the knife of God,
Save to thyself, thyself use cautery ;
Wilt stay the War of all with all at odd, 80
And teach thy jarring sons
Truth innate once,—
That in the whole alone the part is blest and great.

O should this fire of war thus purge away
 The inveterate stains of too-long ease, 85
 And yield us back our Empire's clay
 Into one shoreless State
 Compact and hardened for its uses : these
 No futile sounds of joyance are to-day ;—
 Lord, unrebuked we may 90
 Call this Thy peace !

And in this day be not
 Wholly forgot
 They that made possible but shall not see
 Our solemn jubilee. 95
 Peace most to them who lie
 Beneath unnative sky ;
 In whose still hearts is dipt
 Our reconciling script :
 Peace ! But when shouts shall start the housetop
 bird, 100
 Let these, that speak not, be the loudest heard !

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

THE SICK GOD

I

IN days when men had joy of war,
 A God of Battles sped each mortal jar ;
 The peoples pledged him heart and hand
 From Israel's land to isles afar.

II

His crimson form, with clang and chime, 5
Flashed on each murk and murderous meeting-time,
And kings invoked, for rape and raid,
His fearsome aid in rune and rhyme.

III

On bruise and bloodhole, scar and seam,
On blade and bolt, he flung his fulgid beam : 10
His haloes rayed the very gore,
And corpses wore his glory-gleam.

IV.

Often an earthly King or Queen,
And storied hero onward, knew his sheen ;
'Twas glimpsed by Wolfe, by Ney anon, 15
And Nelson on his blue demesne.

V

But new light spread. That god's gold nimb
And blazon have waned dimmer and more dim ;
Even his flushed form begins to fade,
Till but a shade is left of him. 20

VI

That modern meditation broke
His spell, that penmen's pleadings dealt a stroke,
Say some ; and some that crimes too dire
Did much to mire his crimson cloak.

VII

Yea, seeds of crescive sympathy 25
Were sown by those more excellent than he,
Long known, though long contemned till then—
The gods of men in amity.

VIII

Souls have grown seers, and thought outbrings
The mournful many-sidedness of things 30
With foes as friends, enfeebling ires
And fury-fires by gaingivings :

IX

He scarce impassions champions now ;
They do and dare, but tensely—pale of brow ;
And would they fain uplift the arm 35
Of that faint form they know not how.

X

Yet wars arise, though zest grows cold ;
Wherefore, at whiles, as 'twere in ancient mould
He looms, bepatched with paint and lath ;
But never hath he seemed the old ! 40

XI

Let men rejoice, let men deplore,
The lurid Deity of heretofore
Succumbs to one of saner nod ;
The Battle-god is god no more.

THOMAS HARDY.

PEACE ODE

ON CONCLUSION OF THE BOER WAR, JUNE 1902

Now joy in all hearts with happy auguries,
And praise on all lips : for sunny June cometh
Chasing the thick warcloud, that outspread
Sulfurous and sullen over England.

Full thirty moons since unwilling enmity, 5
Since daily suspense for hideous peril
Of brethren unrescued, beleaguer'd
- Plague-stricken in cities unprovided,

Had quencht accustom'd gaiety, from the day
When first the Dutchman's implacable folly, 10
The country of Shakespeare defying,
Thought with a curse to appal the nation :

Whose threat to quell their kinsmen in Africa
Anger'd awhile our easy democracy ;
That, reckless and patient of insult, 15
Will not abide arrogant defiance :

They called to arms ; and war began evilly.
From sliely forestor'd, well-hidden armouries,
And early advantage, the despot
Stood for a time prevalent against us : 20

Till from the coil of slow-gathering battle
He rancorous, with full moneybags hurried,
 Peddling to European envy
 His traffic of pennyworthy slander.

For since the first keel launch'd upon Ocean 25
Ne'er had before so mighty an armament
 O'errun the realm of dark Poseidon,
 So resolutely measur'd the waters,

As soon from our ports in diligent passage
O'er half the round world plow'd hither and thither
 The pathless Atlantic, revengeful 31
 Soldiery pouring on Esperanza :

Nor shows the Argive story of Ilium,
With tale of ancient auxiliar cities,
 So vast a roll of wide alliance 35
 As, rallying to the aid of England,

Came from the swarming counties accoutering,
And misty highlands of Caledonia,
 With Cambria's half-Celtic offspring,
 And the ever-merry fighting Irish : 40

Came too the new world's hardy Canadians,
And from remote Australia champions
 Like huntsmen, and from those twin islands
 Lying off antipodal beyond her,

Under the old flag sailing across the sea : 45
For mighty is blood's empery, where honour
And freedom ancestral have upbuilt
Inheritance to a lovely glory.

Thee, France, love I, fair lawgiver and scholar ;
Thy lively grace, thy temper illustrious ; 50
And thee, in all wisdom Diviner,
Germany, deep melodist immortal ;

Nor less have envied soft Italy's spirit,
In marble unveil'd and eloquent colour :
But best love I England, wer' I not 55
Born to her aery should envy also.

Wherefore to-day one gift above every gift
Let us beseech, that God will accord to her
Always a right judgement in all things ;
Ev'n to celestial excellencies ; 60

And grant us in long peace to accumulate
Joy, and to stablish friendliness and commerce,
And barter in markets for unpriced
Beauty, the pearl of unending empire.

R. BRIDGES.

May, 1902.

IN MEMORY OF THE OLD-ETONIANS
WHOSE LIVES WERE LOST IN THE SOUTH
AFRICAN WAR

I

RESOUND ! Resound ! To jubilant music ring !
Your birthday trumpets sound the alarm of strenu-
ous days.

Ye new-built walls, awake ! and welcome England's
King [praise.

With a high GLORY-TO-GOD, and holy cheer of
Awake to fairest hope of fames unknown, unseen, 5

When ye-too silver and solemn with age shall be :
For all that is fair upon earth is reared with tend'rest
teen,

As the burden'd years to memory flee.

II

Lament, O Muse of the Thames, in pride lament
again,

With low melodious grief remember them in this
hour !— 10

Beyond your dauntless joy, my brother, was our
pain.

Above all gold, my country, the lavish price of thy
power—

The ancient groves have mourn'd our sons, for whom
no more

The sisterly kisses of life, the loved embraces,
Remember the love of them who came not home
from the war, 15

The fatherly tears and the veil'd faces.

Now henceforth their shrine is builded, high and vast,
Alway drawing noble hearts to noble deeds ;
In the toil of glory to be, and the tale of glory past :
While ever the laughing waves of youth pass over
the meads, 20

And the tongue of Hellas is heard, and old Time
slumbereth light

In the cradle of Peace. O let thy dancing feet
Roam in our land and abide, dear Peace, thou child
of Right,

Giver of happiness, gentle and sweet.

R. BRIDGES.

A CHORUS FROM ' MEROPE '

PEACE, who tarriest too long ;
Peace, with Delight in thy train ;
Come, come back to our prayer !
Then shall the revel again
Visit our streets, and the sound 5
Of the harp be heard with the pipe,
When the flashing torches appear
In the marriage-train coming on,
With dancing maidens and boys :
While the matrons come to the doors, 10
And the old men rise from their bench,
When the youths bring home the bride.

Not decried by my voice
He who restores thee shall be,
Not unfavoured by Heaven. 15
Surely no sinner the man,
Dread though his acts, to whose hand
Such a boon to bring hath been given.
Let her come, fair Peace ! let her come !
But the demons long nourished here, 20
Murder, Discord, and Hate,
In the stormy desolate waves
Of the Thracian Sea let her leave,
Or the howling outermost Main. M. ARNOLD.

NEAR THE LAKE OF THRASYMENE

WHEN here with Carthage Rome to conflict came,
An earthquake, mingling with the battle's shock,
Checked not its rage ; unfelt the ground did rock,
Sword dropped not, javelin kept its deadly aim.—
Now all is sun-bright peace. Of that day's shame,
Or glory, not a vestige seems to endure, 6
Save in this Rill that took from blood the name
Which yet it bears, sweet Stream ! as crystal pure.
So may all trace and sign of deeds aloof
From the true guidance of humanity, 10
Through Time and Nature's influence, purify
Their spirit ; or, unless they for reproof
Or warning serve, thus let them all, on ground
That gave them being, vanish to a sound.

W. WORDSWORTH.

LINES WRITTEN AT THE VILLAGE OF
PASSIGNANO, ON THE LAKE OF THRASYMENE

THE mountains stand about the quiet lake,
That not a breath its azure calm may break ;
No leaf of these sere olive-trees is stirred,
In the near silence far-off sounds are heard ;
The tiny bat is flitting overhead, 5
The hawthorn doth its richest odours shed
Into the dewy air ; and over all
Veil after veil, the evening shadows fall,
Withdrawing one by one each glimmering height,
The far, and then the nearer, from our sight— 10
No sign surviving in this tranquil scene,
That strife and savage tumult here have been.

But if the pilgrim to the latest plain
Of carnage, where the blood like summer rain
Fell but the other day—if in his mind 15
He marvels much and oftentimes to find
With what success has Nature each sad trace
Of man's red footmarks laboured to efface—
What wonder, if this spot we tread appears
Guiltless of strife, when now two thousand years 20
Of daily reparation have gone by,
Since it resumed its own tranquillity.
This calm has nothing strange ; yet not the less
This holy evening's solemn quietness,
The perfect beauty of this windless lake, 25
This stillness which no louder murmurs break
Than the frogs croaking from the distant sedge,

These vineyards dressed unto the water's edge,
 This hind that homeward driving the slow steer
 Tells how man's daily work goes forward here, 30
 Have each a power upon me, while I drink
 The influence of the placid time, and think
 How gladly that sweet Mother once again
 Resumes her sceptre and benignant reign,
 But for a few short instants scared away 35
 By the mad game, the cruel impious fray
 Of her distempered children—how comes back,
 And leads them in the customary track
 Of blessing once again ; to order brings
 Anew the dislocated frame of things, 40
 And covers up, and out of sight conceals
 What they have wrought of ill, or gently heals.

R. C. TRENCH.

‘ ’TIS BETTER TO HAVE FOUGHT AND LOST ’

THIS voice did on my spirit fall,
 Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost,
 ‘ ’Tis better to have fought and lost,
 Than never to have fought at all.’

Or shall I say, Vain word, false thought, 5
 Since Prudence hath her martyrs too,
 And Wisdom dictates not to do,
 Till doing shall be not for nought.

Not ours to give or lose is life ;
Will Nature, when her brave ones fall, 10
Remake her work ? or songs recall
Death's victim slain in useless strife ?

That rivers flow into the sea
Is loss and waste, the foolish say,
Nor know that back they find their way, 15
Unseen, to where they wont to be.

Showers fall upon the hills, springs flow,
The river runneth still at hand,
Brave men are born into the land,
And whence the foolish do not know. 20

No ! no vain voice did on me fall,
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost,
'Tis better to have fought and lost
Than never to have fought at all.'

A. H. CLOUGH.

POLAND. ITALY. HUNGARY

In the great Darkness of the Passion, graves
Were oped, and many Saints which slept arose.
So in this latter Darkness, which doth close
Upon our noon. That Peace Divine which saves
And blesses, and from the celestial waves 5
Of whose now-parted garment our worst woes
Did touch a healing virtue, by our foes
Is crucified. The inextricable slaves

Have slain what should have set them free. Behold
 The vail is rent ! Earth yawns ; the rocks are
 hurled 10
 In twain ; and Kingdoms long since low and cold,
 Each with his dead forgotten brow enfurled
 In that proud flag he fell upon of old,
 Come forth into the City of the World.

S. DOBELL.

A DEDICATION

OF

‘ POEMS IN WAR TIME ’

OLOR ISCANUS queries : ‘ Why should we
 Vex at the land’s ridiculous miserie ? ’
 So on his Usk banks, in the blood-red dawn
 Of England’s civil strife, did careless Vaughan
 Bemock his times. O friends of many years ! 5
 Though faith and trust are stronger than our fears,
 And the signs promise peace with liberty,
 Not thus we trifle with our country’s tears
 And sweat of agony. The future’s gain
 Is certain as God’s truth ; but, meanwhile, pain 10
 Is bitter and tears are salt : our voices take
 A sober tone ; our very household songs
 Are heavy with a nation’s griefs and wrongs ;
 And innocent mirth is chastened for the sake
 Of the brave hearts that nevermore shall beat, 15
 The eyes that smile no more, the unreturning feet !

J. G. WHITTIER.

1863.

THE WATCHERS

BESIDE a stricken field I stood ;
On the torn turf, on grass and wood,
Hung heavily the dew of blood.

Still in their fresh mounds lay the slain,
But all the air was quick with pain
And gusty sighs and tearful rain.

5

Two angels, each with drooping head
And folded wings and noiseless tread,
Watched by that valley of the dead.

The one, with forehead saintly bland
And lips of blessing, not command,
Leaned, weeping, on her olive wand.

10

The other's brows were scarred and knit,
His restless eyes were watch-fires lit,
His hands for battle-gauntlets fit.

15

' How long ! '—I knew the voice of Peace,—
' Is there no respite ? no release ?
When shall the hopeless quarrel cease ?

' O Lord, how long ! One human soul
Is more than any parchment scroll, 20
Or any flag thy winds unroll.

' What price was Ellsworth's, young and brave ?
How weigh the gift that Lyon gave,
Or count the cost of Winthrop's grave ?

' O brother ! if thine eye can see, 25
Tell how and when the end shall be,
What hope remains for thee and me.'

Then Freedom sternly said : ' I shun
No strife nor pang beneath the sun,
When human rights are staked and won. 30

' I knelt with Ziska's hunted flock,
I watched in Toussaint's cell of rock,
I walked with Sidney to the block.

' The moor of Marston felt my tread,
Through Jersey snows the march I led, 35
My voice Magenta's charges sped.

' But now, through weary day and night,
I watch a vague and aimless fight
For leave to strike one blow aright.

' On either side my foe they own : 40
One guards through love his ghastly throne,
And one through fear to reverence grown.

' Why wait we longer, mocked, betrayed,
By open foes, or those afraid
To speed thy coming through my aid ? 45

' Why watch to see who win or fall ?
I shake the dust against them all,
I leave them to their senseless brawl.'

' Nay,' Peace implored : ' yet longer wait ;
The doom is near, the stake is great : 50
God knoweth if it be too late.

' Still wait and watch ; the way prepare
Where I with folded wings of prayer
May follow, weaponless and bare.'

' Too late ! ' the stern, sad voice replied, 55
' Too late ! ' its mournful echo sighed,
In low lament the answer died.

A rustling as of wings in flight,
An upward gleam of lessening white,
So passed the vision, sound and sight. 60

Build up an altar to the Lord,
O grateful hearts of ours !
And shape it of the greenest sward.
That ever drank the showers.

20

Lay all the bloom of gardens there,
And there the orchard fruits ;
Bring golden grain from sun and air,
From earth her goodly roots.

There let our banners droop and flow,
The stars uprise and fall ;
Our roll of martyrs, sad and slow,
Let sighing breezes call.

25

Their names let hands of horn and tan
And rough-shod feet applaud,
Who died to make the slave a man,
And link with toil reward.

30

There let the common heart keep time
To such an anthem sung
As never swelled on poet's rhyme,
Or thrilled on singer's tongue.

35

Song of our burden and relief,
Of peace and long annoy ;
The passion of our mighty grief
And our exceeding joy !

40

A song of praise to Him who filled
 The harvests sown in tears,
 And gave each field a double yield
 To feed our battle-years !

A song of faith that trusts the end 45
 To match the good begun,
 Nor doubts the power of Love to blend
 The hearts of men as one !

J. G. WHITTIER.

1865.

PEACE, THE DAUGHTER OF VICTORY

WHERE 's Peace ? I start, some clear-blown night,
 When gaunt stone walls grow numb an' number,
 An', creakin' 'cross the snow-crus' white,
 Walk the col' starlight into summer ;
 Up grows the moon, an' swell by swell 5
 Thru the pale pasturs silvers dimmer
 Than the last smile thet strives to tell
 O' love gone heavenward in its shimmer.

I hev ben gladder o' sech things
 Than cocks o' spring or bees o' clover, 10
 They filled my heart with livin' springs,
 But now they seem to freeze 'em over ;
 Sights innercent ez babes on knee,
 Peaceful ez eyes o' pastur'd cattle,
 Jes' coz they be so, seem to me 15
 To rile me more with thoughts o' battle.

In-doors an' out by spells I try ;
Ma'am Natur' keeps her spin-wheel goin',
But leaves my natur' stiff and dry
Ez fiel's o' clover arter mowin' ; 20
An' her jes' keepin' on the same,
Calmer 'n a clock, an' never carin',
An' findin' nary thing to blame,
Is wus than ef she took to swearin'.

Snow-flakes come whisperin' on the pane 25
The charm makes blazin' logs so pleasant,
But I can't hark to wut they're say'n',
With Grant or Sherman ollers present ;
The chimbleys shudder in the gale,
Thet lulls, then suddin takes to flappin' 30
Like a shot hawk, but all 's ez stale
To me ez so much sperit-rappin'.

Under the yaller-pines I house,
When sunshine makes 'em all sweet-scented,
An' hear among their furry boughs 35
The baskin' west-wind purr contented,
While 'way o'erhead, ez sweet an' low
Ez distant bells thet ring for meetin',
The wedged wil' geese their bugles blow,
Further an' further South retreatin'. 40

Or up the slippery knob I strain
An' see a hundred hills like islan's
Lift their blue woods in broken chain
Out o' the sea o' snowy silence ;

The farm-smokes, sweetes' sight on airth, 45
Slow thru the winter air a-shrinkin'
Seem kin' o' sad, an' roun' the hearth
Of empty places set me thinkin'.

Beaver roars hoarse with meltin' snows,
An' rattles di'mon's from his granite ; 50
Time wuz, he snatched away my prose,
An' into psalms or satires ran it ;
But he, nor all the rest thet once
Started my blood to country-dances,
Can't set me goin' more 'n a dunce 55
Thet hain't no use for dreams an' fancies.

Rat-tat-tat-tattle thru the street
I hear the drummers makin' riot,
An' I set thinkin' o' the feet
Thet follered once an' now are quiet,— 60
White feet ez snowdrops innercent,
Thet never knowed the paths o' Satan,
Whose comin' step ther' 's ears thet won't,
No, not lifelong, leave off awaitin'.

Why, hain't I held 'em on my knee ? 65
Did n't I love to see 'em growin',
Three likely lads ez wal could be,
Hahnsome an' brave an' not tu knowin' ?
I set an' look into the blaze
Whose natur', jes' like theirn, keeps climbin', 70
Ez long 'z it lives, in shinin' ways,
An' half despise myself for rhymin'.

Wut's words to them whose faith an' truth
 On War's red techstone rang true metal,
 Who ventered life an' love an' youth 75
 For the gret prize o' death in battle ?
 To him who, deadly hurt, agen
 Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,
 Tippin' with fire the bolt of men
 Thet rived the Rebel line asunder ? 80

'T ain't right to hev the young go fust,
 All throbbin' full o' gifts an' graces,
 Leavin' life's paupers dry ez dust
 To try an' make b'lieve fill their places :
 Nothin' but tells us wut we miss, 85
 Ther' 's gaps our lives can't never fay in,
 An' *thet* world seems so fur from this
 Lef' for us loafers to grow grey in !

My eyes cloud up for rain ; my mouth
 Will take to twitchin' roun' the corners ; 90
 I pity mothers, tu, down South,
 For all they sot among the scornors :
 I 'd sooner take my chance to stan'
 At Jedgement where your meanest slave is,
 Than at God's bar hol' up a han' 95
 Ez drippin' red ez yourn, Jeff Davis !

Come, Peace ! not like a mourner bowed
 For honour lost an' dear ones wasted,
 But proud, to meet a people proud,
 With eyes thet tell o' triumph tasted ! 100

Come, with han' grippin' on the hilt,
 An' step thet proves ye Victory's daughter !
 Longin' for you, our sperits wilt
 Like shipwrecked men's on raf's for water.

Come, while our country feels the lift 105
 Of a gret instinct shoutin' forwards,
 An' knows thet freedom ain't a gift
 Thet tarries long in han's o' cowards !
 Come, sech ez mothers prayed for, when
 They kissed their cross with lips thet quivered, 110
 An' bring fair wages for brave men,
 A nation saved, a race delivered !

J. R. LOWELL.

RELEASE

Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found release !
 Thy God, in these distempered days,
 Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of his ways,
 And through thine enemies hath wrought thy peace !
 Bow down in prayer and praise ! 5
 No poorest in thy borders but may now
 Lift to the juster skies a man's enfranchised brow,
 O Beautiful ! my Country ! ours once more !
 Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
 O'er such sweet brows as never other wore, 10
 And letting thy set lips,
 Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
 The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
 What words divine of lover or of poet
 Could tell our love and make thee know it, 15

Among the Nations bright beyond compare ?
 What were our lives without thee ?
 What all our lives to save thee ?
 We reck not what we gave thee ;
 We will not dare to doubt thee, 20
 But ask whatever else, and we will dare !
J. R. LOWELL.

TURN, O LIBERTAD

TURN, O Libertad, for the war is over,
 (From it and all henceforth expanding, doubting no
 more, resolute, sweeping the world,)

Turn from lands retrospective, recording proofs of
 the past ; [past ;
 From the singers that sing the trailing glories of the
 From the chants of the feudal world—the triumphs
 of kings, slavery, caste ; 5
 Turn to the world, the triumphs reserved and to
 come—give up that backward world ;
 Leave to the singers of hitherto—give them the
 trailing past ;
 But what remains, remains for singers for you—wars
 to come are for you ;
 (Lo ! how the wars of the past have duly inured to
 you—and the wars of the present also inure :)
 —Then turn and be not alarmed, O Libertad—turn
 your undying face, 10
 To where the future, greater than all the past,
 Is swiftly, surely preparing for you.

WALT WHITMAN.

SPIRIT WHOSE WORK IS DONE

SPIRIT whose work is done ! spirit of dreadful hours !
Ere, departing, fade from my eyes your forests of
bayonets ;
Spirit of gloomiest fears and doubts, (yet onward
ever unfaltering pressing ;))
Spirit of many a solemn day, and many a savage
scene ! Electric Spirit !
That with muttering voice, through the war now
closed, like a tireless phantom flitted, 5
Rousing the land with breath of flame, while you
beat and beat the drum ;
—Now, as the sound of the drum, hollow and harsh
to the last, reverberates round me ;
As your ranks, your immortal ranks, return, return
from the battles ;
While the muskets of the young men yet lean over
their shoulders ;
While I look on the bayonets bristling over their
shoulders ; 10
While those slanted bayonets, whole forests of them,
appearing in the distance, approach and pass on,
returning homeward,
Moving with steady motion, swaying to and fro, to
the right and left,
Evenly, lightly rising and falling, as the steps keep
time :
—Spirit of hours I knew, all hectic red one day, but
pale as death next day ;

Touch my mouth, ere you depart—press my lips
close !

15

Leave me your pulses of rage ! bequeath them to me !
fill me with currents convulsive !

Let them scorch and blister out of my chants, when
you are gone ;

Let them identify you to the future, in these songs.

WALT WHITMAN.

RECONCILIATION

WORD over all, beautiful as the sky !

Beautiful that war, and all its deeds of carnage,
must in time be utterly lost :

That the hands of the sisters Death and Night, incessantly softly wash again, and ever again, this soiled world ;

. . . For my enemy is dead—a man divine as myself
is dead,

I look where he lies white-faced and still, in the
coffin—I draw near ;

5

I bend down, and touch lightly with my lips the
white face in the coffin.

WALT WHITMAN.

ASHES OF SOLDIERS

*Again a verse for sake of you,
You soldiers in the ranks—you Volunteers,
Who bravely fighting, silent fell
To fill unmentioned graves.*

Ashes of soldiers !

5

As I muse, retrospective, murmuring a chant in
thought,

Lo ! the war resumes—again to my sense your
shapes,

And again the advance of armies.

Noiseless as mists and vapours,
From their graves in the trenches ascending, 10
From cemeteries all through Virginia and Tennessee,
From every point of the compass, out of the count-
less unnamed graves,

In wafted clouds, in myriads large, or squads of twos
or threes, or single ones, they come,

And silently gather round me.

Now sound no note, O trumpeters ! 15

Not at the head of my cavalry, parading on spirited
horses,

With sabres drawn and glistening, and carbines by
their thighs—(ah my brave horsemen !

My handsome, tan-faced horsemen ! what life, what
joy and pride,

With all the perils, were yours !)

Nor you drummers—neither at reveille, at dawn, 20
Nor the long roll alarming the camp—nor even the
muffled beat for a burial ;
Nothing from you this time, O drummers, bearing
my warlike drums.

But aside from these, and the marts of wealth, and
the crowded promenade,
Admitting around me comrades close, unseen by the
rest, and voiceless,
The slain elate and alive again—the dust and débris
alive, 25
I chant this chant of my silent soul, in the name of
all dead soldiers.

Faces so pale, with wondrous eyes, very dear, gather
closer yet ;
Draw close, but speak not.

Phantoms of countless lost !
Invisible to the rest, henceforth become my com-
panions ! 30
Follow me ever ! desert me not, while I live.

Sweet are the blooming cheeks of the living ! sweet
are the musical voices sounding !
But sweet, ah sweet, are the dead with their silent
eyes.

Dearest comrades ! all is over and long gone ;
But love is not over—and what love, O comrades !
Perfume from battle-fields rising—up from the foeter
arising. 36

Perfume therefore my chant, O love! immortal
Love!

Give me to bathe the memories of all dead soldiers,
Shroud them, embalm them, cover them all over
with tender pride.

Perfume all! make all wholesome! 40
Make these ashes to nourish and blossom,
O love! O chant! solve all, fructify all with the last
chemistry.

Give me exhaustless—make me a fountain,
That I exhale love from me wherever I go, like a
moist perennial dew,
For the ashes of all dead soldiers. 45

WALT WHITMAN.

ADIEU TO A SOLDIER

ADIEU, O soldier!
You of the rude campaigning (which we shared),
The rapid march, the life of the camp,
The hot contention of opposing fronts—the long
manœuvre,
Red battles with their slaughter,—the stimulus—the
strong, terrific game, 5
Spell of all brave and manly hearts—the trains of
Time through you, and like of you, all filled,
With war, and war's expression.

Adieu, dear comrade !

Your mission is fulfilled—but I, more warlike, 10

Myself and this contentious soul of mine,

Still on our own campaigning bound,

Through untried roads, with ambushes, opponents
lined,

Through many a sharp defeat and many a crisis—
often baffled,

Here marching, ever marching on, a war fight out
—aye here, 15

To fiercer, weightier battles give expression.

WALT WHITMAN.

AS I WALK THESE BROAD MAJESTIC DAYS

As I walk these broad, majestic days of peace,

(For the war, the struggle of blood finished, wherein,

O terrific Ideal !

Against vast odds, having gloriously won,

Now thou stridest on—yet perhaps in time toward
denser wars,

Perhaps to engage in time in still more dreadful
contests, dangers, 5

Longer campaigns and crises, labours beyond all
others ;)

—As I walk, solitary, unattended,

Around me I hear that éclat of the world—politics,
produce,

The announcements of recognized things,—science,

The approved growth of cities, and the spread of
inventions. 10

I see the ships, (they will last a few years,)
The vast factories, with their foremen and workmen,
And hear the indorsement of it all, and do not object
to it.

But I too announce solid things ;
Science, ships, politics, cities, factories, are not
nothing—I watch them, 15
Like a grand procession, to music of distant bugles,
pouring, triumphantly moving—and grander
heaving in sight ;
They stand for realities—all is as it should be.

Then my realities ;
What else is so real as mine ?
Libertad, and the divine average—Freedom to every
slave on the face of the earth, 20
The rapt promises and luminé of seers—the spiritual
world—these centuries-lasting songs,
And our visions, the visions of poets, the most solid
announcements of any.

For we support all, fuse all.
After the rest is done and gone, we remain ;
There is no final reliance but upon us ; 25
Democracy rests finally upon us, (I, my brethren,
begin it,)
And our visions sweep through eternity.

WALT WHITMAN.

THE PEACE, 1871

' I HAVE made peace, thank God.' O Emperor King,
At this thy word the nations lift their eyes,
Looking for One they wot of to arise
White-robed, on happy wing.

What do they see ? There crouches at thy heel 5
A sullen Thing with vengeance in her face,
Writhing and wroth, but fettered to her place
By bonds of German steel.

As one should tell us in the dim thick night—
' Behold the dawn ! ' and we looked forth to see
The whole wide East grow golden silently 11
With joy of coming light,

And saw instead a line of cloudy flame
And lightning flashes leaping swift therethrough,
And heard the muffled thunder-pulse and knew
The storm, not morning, came. 16

So is it when each wiry nerve to-day
Of eager Europe thrills with that sweet word,
Sweet yet so false, soon as its sound is heard
Its promise dies away. 20

Thy God of Battles, whom we do not know,
Thank for the Rhinelands and the Golden Fleece,
But not for such poor truce the Christ of Peace—
His Peace he gives not so.

ELIZABETH WATERHOUSE.

THE GLORIES OF OUR BLOOD AND STATE

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against fate ;
Death lays his icy hand on kings :
Sceptre and Crown 5
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crookèd scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill : 10
But their strong nerves at last must yield ;
They tame but one another still :
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath 15
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds : 20
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb ;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

J. SHIRLEY.

SOLDIER, REST ! THY WARFARE O'ER

SOLDIER, rest ! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking ;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall 5
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er
Dream of fighting fields no more : 10
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here 15
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the day-break from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow. 20
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.

SIR W. SCOTT.

A FAREWELL TO ARMS

His golden locks time hath to silver turned ;
O time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing !
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned,
But spurned in vain, youth waneth by in-
creasing.
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading
seen ; 5
Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And lovers' sonnets turned to holy psalms ;
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are Age his alms : 10
But though from court to cottage he depart,
His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
He'll teach his swains this carol for a song :
' Blessed be the hearts that wish my sovereign well,
Cursed be the souls that think her any wrong.' 16
Goddess, allow this aged man his right,
To be your beadsman now that was your knight.

G. PEELE.

THE SODGER'S RETURN

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning,—
I left the lines and tented field, 5
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor and honest sodger.

A leal light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder ; 10
And for fair Scotia hame again
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile 15
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen,
Where early life I sported ;
I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted : 20
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling !
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice quoth I, Sweet lass, 25
Sweet as yon hawthorn blossom,
O ! happy, happy may he be,
That 's dearest to thy bosom !
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain wad be thy lodger ; 30
I've served my King and Country lang—
Take pity on a sodger !

Sae wistfully she gazed on me,
And lovelier was than ever :
Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed, 35
Forget him shall I never :
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it ;
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't. 40

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
Syne pale like ony lily ;
She sank within my arms, and cried,
Art thou my ain dear Willie ?
By Him who made yon sun and sky, 45
By whom true love 's regarded,
I am the man ; and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded !

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted ; 50
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair we'se ne'er be parted.

Quo' she, My grandsire left me gowd,
A mailen plenish'd fairly ;
And come, my faithful sodger lad, 55
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly !

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor ;
But glory is the sodger's prize ;
The sodger's wealth is honour : 60
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger ;
Remember he's his Country's stay
In day and hour o' danger.

R. BURNS.

LINES ON THE CELEBRATION OF PEACE

BY DORCAS DOVE

AND is it thus ye welcome Peace ?
From Mouths of forty-pounding Bores ?
Oh cease, exploding Cannons, cease !
Lest Peace, affrighted, shun our shores !

Not so the quiet Queen should come ; 5
But like a Nurse to still our Fears,
With Shoes of List, demurely dumb,
And Wool or Cotton in her Ears !

She asks for no triumphal Arch ;
No steeples for their ropy Tongues ; 10
Down, Drumsticks, down, She needs no March,
Or blasted Trumps from brazen Lungs.

She wants no Noise of Mobbing Throats
To tell that She is drawing nigh :
Why this Parade of scarlet Coats, 15
When War has closed his bloodshot Eye ?

Returning to Domestic Loves,
When war has ceased with all its Ills,
Captains should come like sucking Doves,
With Olive Branches in their Bills. 20

No need there is of vulgar Shout,
Bells, Cannons, Trumpets, Fife, and Drum,
And Soldiers marching all about,
To let Us know that Peace is come.

Oh mild should be the Signs and meek, 25
Sweet Peace's Advent to proclaim !
Silence her noiseless Foot should speak,
And Echo should repeat the same.

Lo ! where the Soldier walks, alas !
With Scars received on foreign Grounds ; 30
Shall we consume in coloured Glass
The Oil that should be poured in Wounds ?

The bleeding Gaps of War to close,
Will whizzing Rocket-Flight avail ?
Will Squibs enliven Orphans' Woes ? 35
Or Crackers cheer the Widow's Tale ?

T. HOOD.

ADAM'S VISION OF THE FUTURE

HE looked and saw wide territory spread
Before him, towns, and rural works between,
Cities of men with lofty gates and towers,
Concourse in arms, fierce faces threatening war,
Giants of mighty bone and bold emprise ; 5
Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,
Single or in array of battle ranged
Both horse and foot, nor idly mustering stood ;
One way a band select from forage drives
A herd of beeves, fair oxen, and fair kine 10
From a fat meadow-ground, or fleecy flock,
Ewes and their bleating lambs, over the plain,
Their booty ; scarce with life the shepherds fly,
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray :
With cruel tournament the squadrons join ; 15
Where cattle pastured late, now scattered lies
With carcases and arms the ensanguined field
Deserted : others to a city strong
Lay siege, encamped ; by battery, scale, and mine,

Assaulting ; others from the wall defend 20
With dart, and javelin, stones, and sulphurous fire ;
On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.
In other part the sceptred heralds call
To council in the city gates : anon
Grey-headed men and grave, with warriors mixed,
Assemble, and harangues are heard ; but soon 26
In factious opposition, till at last
Of middle age one rising, eminent
In wise deport, spake much of right and wrong,
Of justice, of religion, truth, and peace, 30
And judgement from above : him old and young
Exploded, and had seized with violent hands,
Had not a cloud descending snatched him thence,
Unseen amid the throng. So violence
Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law 35
Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.
Adam was all in tears, and to his guide,
Lamenting, turned full sad : ‘ O what are these ?
Death’s ministers, not men ! who thus deal death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply 40
Ten thousandfold the sin of him who slew
His brother ; for of whom such massacre
Make they but of their brethren, men of men ?
But who was that just man, whom had not Heaven
Rescued, had in his righteousness been lost ? ’ 45
To whom thus Michael : ‘ These are the product
Of those ill-mated marriages thou saw’st ;
Where good with bad were matched, who of them-
selves

Abhor to join ; and by imprudence mixed
 Produce prodigious births of body or mind. 50
 Such were these giants, men of high renown ;
 For in those days might only shall be admired,
 And valour and heroic virtue called ;
 To overcome in battle, and subdue
 Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite 55
 Manslaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
 Of human glory, and for glory done,
 Of triumph to be styled great conquerors,
 Patrons of mankind, gods, and sons of gods,—
 Destroyers rightlier called, and plagues of men. 60
 Thus fame shall be achieved, renown on earth,
 And what most merits fame in silence hid.
 But he, the seventh from thee, whom thou be-
 held'st

The only righteous in a world perverse,
 And therefore hated, therefore so beset 65
 With foes, for daring single to be just
 And utter odious truth, that God would come
 To judge them with his saints : him the Most High,
 Rapt in a balmy cloud, with wingèd steeds
 Did, as thou saw'st, receive, to walk with God 70
 High in salvation and the climes of bliss,
 Exempt from death.'

Adam.

'I had hope

When violence was ceased, and war on earth,
 All would have then gone well, peace would have
 crowned

With length of happy days the race of man ; 75
But I was far deceived ; for now I see
Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste.
How comes it thus ? Unfold, celestial guide,
And whether here the race of man will end.'

To whom thus Michael : 'Those whom last thou
saw'st 80

In triumph and luxurious wealth are they
First seen in acts of prowess eminent
And great exploits, but of true virtue void ;
Who, having spilt much blood, and done much
waste

Subduing nations, and achieved thereby 85
Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey,
Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,
Surfeit, and lust, till wantonness and pride
Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace.
The conquered, also, and enslaved by war, 90
Shall, with their freedom lost, all virtue lose
And fear of God, from whom their piety feigned
In sharp contest of battle found no aid
Against invaders ; therefore, cooled in zeal,
Thenceforth shall practice how to live secure, 95
Worldly or dissolute, on what their lords
Shall leave them to enjoy.'

J. MILTON.

THE PEACE PIPE

GITCHE MANITO, the mighty,
The creator of the nations,
Looked upon them with compassion,
With paternal love and pity;
Looked upon their wrath and wrangling 5
But as quarrels among children,
But as feuds and fights of children,
Over them he stretched his right hand,
To subdue their stubborn natures,
To allay their thirst and fever, 10
By the shadow of his right hand;
Spoke to them with voice majestic,
As the sound of far-off waters,
Falling into deep abysses,
Warning, chiding, spoke in this wise:^{way} 15
‘O my children! my poor children!
Listen to the words of wisdom,
Listen to the words of warning,
From the lips of the Great Spirit,
From the Master of Life, who made you, 20
‘I have given you lands to hunt in,
I have given you streams to fish in,
I have given you bear and bison,
I have given you roe and reindeer,
I have given you brant and beaver, 25
Filled the marshes full of wild-fowl,

Filled the rivers full of fishes ;
Why then are you not contented ?
Why then will you hunt each other ?
‘ I am weary of your quarrels, 30
Weary of your wars and bloodshed,
Weary of your prayers for vengeance,
Of your wranglings and dissensions ;
All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord ; 35
Therefore be at peace henceforward,
And as brothers live together.
‘ I will send a Prophet to you,
A Deliverer of the nations,
Who shall guide you and shall teach you, 40
Who shall toil and suffer with you.
If you listen to his counsels,
You will multiply and prosper ;
If his warnings pass unheeded,
You will fade away and perish ! 45
‘ Bathe now in the stream before you,
Wash the war-paint from your faces,
Wash the blood-stains from your fingers,
Bury your war-clubs and your weapons,
Break the red stone from this quarry, 50
Mould and make it into Peace-Pipes,
Take the reeds that grow beside you,
Deck them with your brightest feathers,
Smoke the calumet together.
And as brothers live henceforward ! 55

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

TUBAL CAIN

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when earth was young ;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright
The strokes of his hammer rung ;
And he lifted high his brawny hand 5
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang—‘ Hurra for my handiwork !
Hurra for the Spear and Sword ! 10
Hurra for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord ! ’

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade 15
As the crown of his desire ;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free. 20
And they sang—‘ Hurra for Tubal Cain,
Who has given us strength anew !
Hurra for the smith, hurra for the fire,
And hurra for the metal true ! ’

But a sudden change came o'er his heart 25
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done ;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind, 30
That the land was red with the blood they shed
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said—' Alas ! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy 35
Is to slay their fellow-man ! '

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe ;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low. 40
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang—' Hurra for my handiwork ! ' 45
And the red sparks lit the air ;
' Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made ' ;
And he fashioned the first Ploughshare !

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands, 50
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And ploughed the willing lands ;

And sang—' Hurra for Tubal Cain !

Our stanch good friend is he ;

And for the ploughshare and the plough 55

To him our praise shall be.

But ~~while~~ Oppression lifts its head,

Or a tyrant would be lord,

Though we may thank him for the Plough,

We'll not forget the Sword ! ' 60

C. MACKAY.

THE PEACE-LOVING KING

Roberto, King of Sicily.—Since injustice

In your duke meets this correction, can you press us,

With any seeming argument of reason,

In foolish pity to decline his dangers,

To draw them on ourself ? Shall we not be 5

Warned by his harms ? The league proclaimed
between us,

Bound neither of us further than to aid

Each other, if by foreign force invaded ;

And so far in my honour I was tied.

But since, without our counsel or allowance, 10

He hath ta'en arms, with his good leave he must

Excuse us if we steer not on a rock

We see, and may avoid. Let other monarchs

Contend to be made glorious by proud war,

And, with the blood of their poor subjects, purchase

Increase of empire, and augment their cares 16

In keeping that which was by wrongs extorted,

Gilding unjust invasions with the trim
 Of glorious conquests ; we, that would be known
 The father of our people, in our study 20
 And vigilance for their safety, must not change
 Their ploughshares into swords, and force them from
 The secure shade of their own vines, to be
 Scorched with the flames of war : or, for our sport,
 Expose their lives to ruin. 25

P. MASSINGER.

THE GAME OF KINGS

GREAT princes have great playthings. Some have
 At hewing mountains into men, and some [played
 At building human wonders mountain-high.
 Some have amused the dull, sad years of life
 (Life spent in indolence, and therefore sad) 5
 With schemes of monumental fame ; and sought
 By pyramids and mausolean pomp,
 Short-lived themselves, to immortalize their bones.
 Some seek diversion in the tented field,
 And make the sorrows of mankind their sport. 10
 But war's a game, which, were their subjects wise,
 Kings would not play at. Nations would do well
 To extort their truncheons from the puny hands
 Of heroes, whose infirm and baby minds
 Are gratified with mischief ; and who spoil, 15
 Because men suffer it, their toy the world.

When Babel was confounded, and the great
 Confederacy of projectors wild and vain
 Was split into diversity of tongues,

Then, as a shepherd separates his flock, 20
These to the upland, to the valley those,
God drave asunder, and assigned their lot
To all the nations. Ample was the boon
He gave them, in its distribution fair
And equal, and he bade them dwell in peace. 25
Peace was awhile their care : they ploughed, and
sowed,

And reaped their plenty, without grudge or strife.
But violence can never longer sleep
Than human passions please. In every heart
Are sown the sparks that kindle fiery war ; 30
Occasion needs but fan them, and they blaze.
Cain had already shed a brother's blood :
The deluge washed it out ; but left unquenched
The seeds of murder in the breast of man.
Soon, by a righteous judgement, in the line 35
Of his descending progeny was found
The first artificer of death ; the shrewd
Contriver who first sweated at the forge,
And forced the blunt and yet unbloodied steel
To a keen edge, and made it bright for war. 40
Him, Tubal named, the Vulcan of old times,
The sword and faulchion their inventor claim ;
And the first smith was the first murderer's son.
His art survived the waters ; and ere long,
When man was multiplied and spread abroad 45
In tribes and clans, and had begun to call
These meadows and that range of hills his own,
The tasted sweets of property begat

Desire of more, and industry in some,
 To improve and cultivate their just demesne, 50
 Made others covet what they saw so fair.
 Thus war began on earth ; these fought for spoil,
 And those in self-defence. Savage at first
 The onset, and irregular. At length
 One eminent above the rest, for strength, 55
 For stratagem, or courage, or for all,
 Was chosen leader ; him they served in war,
 And him in peace, for sake of warlike deeds
 Reverenced no less. Who could with him compare ?
 Or who so worthy to control themselves 60
 As he whose prowess had subdued their foes ?
 Thus war, affording field for the display
 Of virtue, made one chief, whom times of peace,
 Which have their exigencies too, and call
 For skill in government, at length made king. 65
 W. COWPER.

THE ETHICS OF MURDER

ONE to destroy, is murder by the law,
 And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe ;
 To murder thousands, takes a specious name,
 War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.
 E. YOUNG.

ONE murder made a villain,
 Millions a hero. Princes were privileged
 To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.
 B. PORTEUS.

WAR

THE victories of mind,
Are won for all mankind ;
But war wastes what it wins,
Ends worse than it begins,
And is a game of woes, 5
Which nations always lose :
Though tyrant tyrant kill,
The slayer liveth still.

E. ELLIOTT.

' THE POWER OF ARMIES '

THE power of armies is a visible thing,
Formal, and circumscribed in time and space ;
But who the limits of that power shall trace
Which a brave People into light can bring
Or hide, at will,—for freedom combating 5
By just revenge inflamed ? No foot may chase,
No eye can follow, to a fatal place
That power, that spirit, whether on the wing
Like the strong wind, or sleeping like the wind
Within its awful caves.—From year to year 10
Springs this indigenous produce far and near ;
No craft this subtle element can bind,
Rising like water, from the soil, to find
In every nook a lip that it may cheer.

W. WORDSWORTH.

O SHAME TO MEN !

O SHAME to men ! Devil with devil damned
 Firm concord holds ; men only disagree
 Of creatures rational, though under hope
 Of heavenly grace, and, God proclaiming peace,
 Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife 5
 Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
 Wasting the earth, each other to destroy :
 As if (which might induce us to accord)
 Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
 That day and night for his destruction wait ! 10
 J. MILTON.

THE STYGIAN COUNCIL

BEELZEBUB SPEAKING

WHAT sit we then projecting peace and war ?
 War hath determined us and foiled with loss
 Irreparable ; terms of peace yet none
 Vouchsafed or sought ; for what peace will be given
 To us enslaved, but custody severe, 5
 And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
 Inflicted ? and what peace can we return,
 But, to our power, hostility and hate,
 Untamed reluctance, and revenge, though slow,
 Yet ever plotting how the Conqueror least 10
 May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
 In doing what we most in suffering feel ?
 J. MILTON.

FOR AN ALBUM

THIS hand, to tyrants ever sworn the foe,
For Freedom only deals the deadly blow ;
Then sheathes in calm repose the vengeful blade,
For gentle peace in Freedom's hallowed shade.

J. Q. ADAMS.

THE WORLD'S WHIRLIGIG

PEACE makes plenty, plenty makes pride,
Pride breeds quarrel, and quarrel brings war :
War brings spoil, and spoil poverty,
Poverty patience, and patience peace :
So peace brings war, and war brings peace. 5

R. PUTTENHAM.

PEACE brings in pleasure, pleasure breeds excess,
Excess procureth want, want works distress :
Distress contempt, contempt is not repaired
Till timeless death determine, hope despaired.
War eggs the victor to desire debate, 5
The conquered to submit and serve with hate ;
Leaves nothing sure though he presume to choose,
But what he keeps with hate and dread to lose.

T. LODGE.

*Plenty breeds Pride ; Pride, Envy ; Envy, War ;
War, Poverty ; Poverty, humble Care.*

*Humility breeds Peace, and Peace breeds Plenty ;
Thus round this World doth roll alternately.*

R. HAYMAN.

WAR begets Poverty,
Poverty, Peace—
Peace, begets Riches,
Fate will not cease—
Riches beget Pride,
Pride is War's ground—
War begets Poverty,
And so the world goes round.

5

E. FITZGERALD.

VICTORIOUS MEN OF EARTH

VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are ;
Though you bind-in every shore,
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day,
Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

5

J. SHIRLEY.

PIPING PEACE

J. SHIRLEY.

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies ;
Nature, in awe to him,
Had doffed her gaudy trim, 5
 With her great Master so to sympathize :
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air 10
 To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
 The saintly veil of maiden white to throw,
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes 15
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But he, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace,
 She crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere 20
His ready harbinger,
 With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war or battle's sound 25
Was heard the world around,
 The idle spear and shield were high up-hung ;

The hookèd chariot stood

Unstained with hostile blood,

The trumpet spake not to the armed throng, 30

And Kings sat still with awful eye,

As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night

Wherein the Prince of Light

His reign of peace upon the earth began : 35

The winds with wonder whist,

Smoothly the waters kissed,

Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,

Who now hath quite forgot to rave,

While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmèd
wave. 40

J. MILTON.

PEACE

My soul, there is a country

Far beyond the stars,

Where stands a wingèd sentry,

All skilful in the wars.

There, above noise and danger, 5

Sweet Peace sits, crowned with smiles,

And One born in a manger

Commands the beauteous files.

He is thy gracious friend,

And (O my soul, awake !) 10

Did in pure love descend

To die here, for thy sake.

If thou canst get but thither,
 There grows the flower of Peace,
 The Rose that cannot wither, 15
 Thy fortress, and thy ease.

Leave then thy foolish ranges ;
 For none can thee secure,
 But One, who never changes,
 Thy God, thy life, thy cure. 20

H. VAUGHAN.

THE CHOSEN COMPANY OF CONQUERORS

DEAR Jesus, give me patience here,
 And faith to see my crown as near
 And almost reached, because 'tis sure
 If I hold fast, and slight the lure.
 Give me humility and peace,
 Contented thoughts, innoxious ease,
 A sweet, revengeless, quiet mind,
 And to my greatest haters kind.
 Give me, my God ! a heart as mild
 And plain, as when I was a child ; 10
 That when ' Thy throne is set ', and all
 These ' conquerors ' before it fall,
 I may be found—preserved by thee—
 Amongst that chosen company,
 Who by no blood (here) overcame 15
 But the blood of the blessed Lamb.

H. VAUGHAN.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

THE shepherds went their hasty way,
And found the lowly stable-shed
Where the Virgin-Mother lay ;
And now they checked their eager tread,
For to the Babe, that at her bosom clung, 5
A Mother's song the Virgin-Mother sung.

They told her how a glorious light,
Streaming from a heavenly throng,
Around them shone, suspending night !
While sweeter than a mother's song, 10
Blest Angels heralded the Saviour's birth,
Glory to God on high ! and Peace on Earth.

She listened to the tale divine,
And closer still the Babe she pressed ;
And while she cried, the Babe is mine ! 15
The milk rushed faster to her breast :
Joy rose within her, like a summer's morn ;
Peace, Peace on Earth ! the Prince of Peace is born.

Thou Mother of the Prince of Peace,
Poor, simple, and of low estate ! 20
That strife should vanish, battle cease,
O why should this thy soul elate ?
Sweet Music's loudest note, the Poet's story,—
Didst thou ne'er love to hear of fame and glory ?

And is not War a youthful king, 25
A stately hero clad in mail ?
Beneath his footsteps laurels spring ;
Him Earth's majestic monarchs hail
Their friend, their playmate ! and his bold bright eye
Compels the maiden's love-confessing sigh. 30

' Tell this in some more courtly scene,
To maids and youths in robes of state !
I am a woman poor and mean,
And therefore is my soul elate.
War is a ruffian, all with guilt defiled, 35
That from the aged father tears his child !

' A murderous fiend, by fiends adored,
He kills the sire and starves the son ;
The husband kills, and from her board
Steals all his widow's toil had won ; 40
Plunders God's world of beauty ; rends away
All safety from the night, all comfort from the day.

' Then wisely is my soul elate,
That strife should vanish, battle cease :
I'm poor and of a low estate, 45
The Mother of the Prince of Peace.
Joy rises in me, like a summer's morn :
Peace, Peace on Earth ! the Prince of Peace is born.'

S. T. COLERIDGE.

PEACE, WHERE DOST THOU DWELL ?

SWEET Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly
crave,

Let me once know.

I sought thee in a secret cave,

And asked if Peace were there.

A hollow wind did seem to answer, ' No ;

Go seek elsewhere.'

I did ; and going did a rainbow note :

Surely, thought I,

This is the lace of Peace's coat :

I will search out the matter. **10**

But while I looked, the clouds immediately

Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy

A gallant flower,

The Crown Imperial. Sure, said I, 15

Peace at the root must dwell.

But when I digged, I saw a worm devour

What showed so well.

At length I met a reverend good old man,

Whom when for Peace 20

I did demand, he thus began :

' There was a Prince of old

At Salem dwelt, who lived with good increase

Of flock and fold.

- ' He sweetly lived ; yet sweetness did not save 25
 His life from foes.
 But after death out of his grave
 There sprang twelve stalks of wheat ;
Which many wondering at, got some of those
 To plant and set. 30
- ' It prospered strangely, and did soon disperse
 Through all the earth ;
 For they that taste it do rehearse
 That virtue lies therein ;
A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth 35
 By flight of sin.
- ' Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
 And grows for you ;
 Make bread of it ; and that repose
 And peace, which everywhere 40
With so much earnestness you do pursue,
 Is only there.'

G. HERBERT.

I SOUGHT FOR PEACE

- I sought for Peace, but could not find ;
 I sought it in the city,
But they were of another mind,—
 The more 's the pity.
I sought for Peace of country swain, 5
 But yet I could not find ;

So I, returning home again,
Left Peace behind.
Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell ? said I,
Methought a voice was given, 10
'Peace dwelt not here, long since did fly
To God in heaven.'
Thought I, this echo is but vain,
To folly 'tis of kin ;
Anon, I heard it tell me plain, 15
'Twas killed by sin.
Then I believed the former voice,
And rested well content ;
Laid down and slept, rose, did rejoice,
And then to Heaven went. 20
There I inquired for Peace, and found it true :—
An heavenly plant it was, and sweetly grew.

UNKNOWN.

THE DIVINE VISION

ALBION's Spectre, from his loins,
Tore forth in all the pomp of War ;
Satan his name ; in flames of fire
He stretched his Druid pillars far.

Jerusalem fell from Lambeth's vale, 5
Down through Poplar and Old Bow,
Through Malden, and across the sea,
In war and howling, death and woe.

The Rhine was red with human blood ;
The Danube rolled a purple tide ; 10
On the Euphrates Satan stood,
And over Asia stretched his pride.

He withered up sweet Zion's hill
From every nation of the Earth ;
He withered up Jerusalem's Gates, 15
And in a dark land gave her birth.

He withered up the Human Form
By laws of sacrifice for Sin,
Till it became a Mortal Worm,
But O ! translucent all within. 20

The Divine Vision still was seen,
Still was the Human Form Divine ;
Weeping, in weak and mortal clay,
O Jesus ! still the Form was thine !

And thine the Human Face ; and thine 25
The Human Hands, and Feet, and Breath,
Entering through the Gates of Birth,
And passing through the Gates of Death.

W. BLAKE.

THE DIVINE IMAGE

**To Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
All pray in their distress ;
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.**

For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love 5
Is God, our Father dear,
And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
Is man, His child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart,
Pity a human face,
And Love, the human form divine,
And Peace, the human dress.

Then every man, of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine, 15
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

**And all must love the human form,
In heathen, Turk, or Jew ;
Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell,
There God is dwelling too.** 20

W. BLAKE.

WAR'S OVERTHROW

I SAW a Monk of Charlemaine
Arise before my sight :
I talked to the Grey Monk where he stood
In beams of infernal light.

Gibbon arose with a lash of steel, 5
And Voltaire with a wracking wheel :
The Schools, in clouds of learning rolled,
Arose with War in iron and gold.

‘ Thou lazy Monk,’ they said afar,
‘ In vain condemning glorious War, 10
And in thy cell thou shall ever dwell.
Rise, War, and bind him in his cell ! ’

The blood red ran from the Grey Monk’s side,
His hands and feet were wounded wide,
His body bent, his arms and knees 15
Like to the roots of ancient trees.

‘ I see, I see,’ the Mother said,
‘ My children will die for lack of bread.
What more has the merciless tyrant said ? ’
The Monk sat down on her stony bed. 20

His eye was dry, no tear could flow ;
A hollow groan first spoke his woe.
He trembled and shuddered upon the bed ;
At length with a feeble cry he said :

' When God commanded this hand to write 25
In the studious hours of deep midnight,
He told me that all I wrote should prove
The bane of all that on Earth I love.

' My brother starved between two walls ;
Thy children's cry my soul appals : 30
I mocked at the wrack and griding chain ;
My bent body mocks at their torturing pain.

' Thy father drew his sword in the North ;
With his thousands strong he is [marchèd] forth ;
Thy brother has armèd himself in steel 35
To revenge the wrongs thy children feel.

' But vain the sword and vain the bow,
They never can work War's overthrow ;
The hermit's prayer and the widow's tear
Alone can free the world from fear. 40

' The hand of Vengeance sought the bed
To which the purple tyrant fled ;
The iron hand crushed the tyrant's head,
And became a tyrant in his stead.

' Until the tyrant himself relent, 45
The tyrant who first the black bow bent,
Slaughter shall heap the bloody plain :
Resistance and War is the tyrant's gain.

‘ But the tear of love—and forgiveness sweet,
 And submission to death beneath his feet— 50
 The tear shall melt the sword of steel,
 And every wound it has made shall heal.

‘ For the tear is an intellectual thing,
 And a sigh is the sword of an Angel King,
 And the bitter groan of the martyr’s woe 55
 Is an arrow from the Almighty’s bow.’

W. BLAKE.

TO PEACE

O PEACE, O Dove, O shape of the Holy Ghost,
 I would not vex thee with too subtle thought,
 Put thee in fear by hopes, send thee to coast
 Regions unknown for what I dearest sought.
 To rough delights I would not open course, 5
 Nor thy composure fray with vague desire,
 Nor aspiration hold that did thee force,
 Nor move a step that I could not retire.

Nay, nay, I pray thee, close thy startled eye,
 Compose again thy self-stirred plumes, nor aim 10
 At other station, in timidity
 Of fancied plots, which here I all disclaim.
 Well, fly then ! for perchance from heavenward
 flight
 Gentler on me thou mayst again alight.

R. W. DIXON.

THE PRAISE OF PEACE

PEES is the cheef of al the worldes welthe,
And to the heven it ledeth eek the way ;
Pees is of soule and lyfe the mannes helthe
Of pestilence, and doth the werre away.
My liege lord, tak hede of that I say, 5
If werre may be left, tak pees on honde,
Which may nat be withoute goddes sonde.

With pees stant every crëature in reste,
Withoute pees ther may no lyf be glad ;
Above al other good, pees is the beste ; 10
Pees hath him-self, whan werre is al bestad ;
The pees is sauf, the werre is ever adrad.
Pees is of al [le] charitè the keye,
Whiche hath the lyf and soule for to weye. . . .

The werre is moder of the wronges alle ; 15
It sleeth the preest in holy chirche at masse,
Forlyth the mayde, and doth her flower to falle.
The werre maketh the grete citee lasse,
And doth the lawe his reules overpasse.
Ther is nothing, wherof mescheef may growe 20
Whiche is not caused of the werre, I trowe.

J. GOWER.

DAUGHTER OF THE OMNIPOTENT

FAIR fruitful daughter of the Omnipotent,
 Great Umpire that dost either world sustain,
 Without whose help all would return again,
 Like hideous Chaos, to confusion bent.

O Mother of the living, second Nature 5
 Of the elements, fire, water, earth, and air,
 O Grace, whereby men climb the heavenly stair,
 Whence void, this world harbours no happy
 creature.

Pillar of laws, religious pedestal,
 Hope of the godly, glory of the immortal, 10
 Honour of cities, pearl of kingdoms all,
 Thou nurse of virtues, muses' chief supportal,
 Patron of arts, of good the special spring,
 All hail, dear Peace, which us all heal dost bring.
J. SYLVESTER.

ODE TO PEACE

O THOU, who bad'st thy turtles bear
 Swift from his grasp thy golden hair,
 And sought'st thy native skies :
 When War, by vultures drawn from far,
 To Britain bent his iron car, 5
 And bade his storms arise !

Tired of his rude tyrannic sway,
 Our youth shall fix some festive day,
 His sullen shrines to burn :
 But thou who hear'st the turning spheres, 10
 What sounds may charm thy partial ears,
 And gain thy blest return !

O Peace, thy injured robes up-bind,
 O rise, and leave not one behind
 Of all thy beamy train ; 15
 The British Lion, goddess sweet,
 Lies stretched on earth to kiss thy feet,
 And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy transient smile,
 But come to grace thy western isle, 20
 By warlike Honour led !
 And, while around her ports rejoice,
 While all her sons adore thy choice,
 With him for ever wed !

W. COLLINS.

TEARLESS PEACE

PEACE is the end of all things, tearless Peace ;
 Who by the immoveable basis of God's throne,
 Takes her perpetual stand ; and, of herself
 Prophetic, lengthens age by age her sceptre.
 The world shall yet be subjugate to love, 5
 The final form religion must assume ;
 Led like a lion, rid with wreathèd reins,
 In some enchanted island, by a child.

P. J. BAILEY.

WISE MEN PATIENCE NEVER WANT

Wise men patience never want ;
Good men pity cannot hide ;
Feeble spirits only vaunt
Of revenge, the poorest pride :
He alone, forgive that can, 5
Bears the true soul of a man.

Some there are, debate that seek,
Making trouble their content,
Happy if they wrong the meek,
Vex them that to peace are bent : 10
Such undo the common tie
Of mankind, society.

Kindness grown is, lately, cold ;
Conscience hath forgot her part ;
Blessed times were known of old, 15
Long ere Law became an Art :
Shame deterred, not Statutes then,
Honest love was law to men.

Deeds from love, and words, that flow,
Foster like kind April showers ; 20
In the warm sun all things grow,
Wholesome fruits and pleasant flowers ;
Also thrives his gentle rays,
Whereon human love displays.

T. CAMPION.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms ;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah ! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary, 5
When the death-angel touches those swift keys !
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies !

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan, 10
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
And loud, amid the universal clamour, 15
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin ;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village ; 21
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns ;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage ;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns ;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade ; 26
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursèd instruments as these, 30
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies ?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and
courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error, 35
There were no need of arsenals or forts :

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred !
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain ! 40

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease ;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, ' Peace ! '

Peace ! and no longer from its brazen portals 45
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies !
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE FEDERATION OF THE WORLD

MEN, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping
something new :

That which they have done but earnest of the things
that they shall do :

For I dipped into the future, far as human eye could
see,

Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that
would be ;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of
magic sails, 5

Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with
costly bales ;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there
rained a ghastly dew

From the nations' airy navies grappling in the
central blue ;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind
rushing warm,

With the standards of the peoples plunging through
the thunder-storm ; 10

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the
battle-flags were furled

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the
world.

LORD TENNYSON.

ASPASIA TO CLEONE

The war is very popular at Athens : I dare say it is equally so at Samos, equally so at Miletus. Nothing pleases men like renewing their ancient alliance with the brutes, and breaking off the more recent one with their fellow-creatures.

WAR is it, O grave heads ! that ye
With stern and stately pomp decree ?
Inviting all the Gods from far
To join you in the game of war !
Have ye then lived so many years 5
To find no purer joy than tears ?
And seek ye now the highest good
In strife, in anguish, and in blood ?
Your wisdom may be more than ours,
But you have spent your golden hours, 10
And have methinks but little right
To make the happier fret and fight.
Ah ! when will come the calmer day
When these dark clouds shall pass away ?
When (should two cities disagree) 15
The young, the beauteous, and the free,
Rushing with all their force, shall meet
And struggle with embraces sweet,
Till they who may have suffered most
Give in, and own the battle lost. 20

W. S. LANDOR.

A VISTA

SAD heart, what will the future bring
 To happier men when we are gone ?
 What golden days shall dawn for them,
 Transcending all we gaze upon ?

Will our long strife be laid at rest, 5
 The warfare of our blind desires
 Be merged in a perpetual peace,
 And love illumine but harmless fires ?

Shall faith released from forms that chain
 And freeze the spirit while we pray, 10
 Expect with calm and ardent eyes
 The morning of death's brighter day ?—

These things shall be ! A loftier race
 Than e'er the world hath known, shall rise
 With flame of freedom in their souls 15
 And light of science in their eyes.

They shall be pure from fraud, and know
 The names of priest and king no more ;
 For them no placeman's hand shall hold
 The balances of peace and war. 20

They shall be gentle, brave, and strong
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth and fire and sea and air.

Nation with nation, land with land, 25
Inarmed shall live as comrades free ;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

They shall be simple in their homes,
And splendid in their public ways, 30
Filling the mansions of the state
With music and with hymns of praise.

In aisles majestic, halls of pride,
Groves, gardens, baths, and galleries,
Manhood and youth and age shall meet 35
To grow by converse inly wise.

Woman shall be man's mate and peer
In all things strong and fair and good,
Still wearing on her brows the crown
Of sinless sacred motherhood. 40

High friendship, hitherto unknown,
Or by great poets half divined,
Shall burn, a steadfast star, within
The calm clear ether of the mind.

Man shall love man with heart as pure 45
And fervent as the young-eyed joys
Who chaunt their heavenly songs before
God's face with undiscordant noise.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.

There shall be no more sin, no shame,
Though pain and passion may not die ;
For man shall be at one with God
In bonds of firm necessity.

These things—they are no dream—shall be
For happier men when we are gone :
Those golden days for them shall dawn,
Transcending aught we gaze upon. 60

J. A. SYMONDS.

A BRIGHTER HELLAS

THE world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn :
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam, 5
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
From waves serener far ;
A new Peneus rolls his fountains
Against the morning-star. 10
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
Fraught with a later prize ;
Another Orpheus sings again, 15
And loves, and weeps, and dies.
A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

Oh, write no more the tale of Troy,
If earth Death's scroll must be ! 20
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
Which dawns upon the free :
Although a subtler Sphinx renew
Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise, 25
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendour of its prime ;
And leave, if nought so bright may live,
All earth can take or heaven can give. 30

Saturn and Love their long repose
Shall burst, more bright and good
Than all who fell, than One who rose,
Than many unsubdued :
Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers, 35
But votive tears and symbol flowers.

Oh, cease ! must hate and death return ?
Cease ! must men kill and die ?
Cease ! drain not to its dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy. 40
The world is weary of the past,
Oh, might it die or rest at last !

P. B. SHELLEY.

REINFORCEMENTS

WHEN little boys with merry noise
In the meadows shout and run ;
And little girls, sweet woman buds,
Brightly open in the sun ;
I may not of the world despair, 5
Our God despaireth not, I see ;
For blithesomer in Eden's air
These lads and maidens could not be.

Why were they born, if Hope must die ?
Wherefore this health, if Truth should fail ? 10
And why such Joy, if Misery
Be conquering us and must prevail ?
Arouse ! our spirits may not droop !
These young ones fresh from Heaven are ;
Our God hath sent another troop, 15
And means to carry on the war.

T. T. LYNCH.

NOTES

P. 7. *Shakespeare*.—From the Second Part of *King Henry IV*, iv. i and ii.

P. 10. *Shakespeare*.—*King Henry V*, v. ii.

P. 12. *Shakespeare*.—*King Richard II*, i. i.

P. 13. *Milton*.—‘On the proposals of certain ministers at the Committee for Propagation of the Gospel,’ dated 1652, but not published till 1694.

P. 15. *Southey*.—Blenheim, Aug. 13, 1704.

P. 18. *Wordsworth*.—Lines 106 and 107 were substituted in 1845 for the following :

But thy most dreaded instrument,
In working out a pure intent,
Is man—arrayed for mutual slaughter,
—Yea, Carnage is thy daughter !’

P. 23. *Wordsworth*.—Part IX of the Ode. ‘Upon the wisdom of a very large majority of the British nation rested that generosity which poured out the treasures of this country for the deliverance of Europe. . . . Every man deserving the name of Briton adds his voice to the chorus which extols the exploits of his countrymen, with a consciousness at times overpowering the effort, that they transcend all praise.’ (The poet’s own note.)

P. 24. *Southey*.—Written for music, composed by Shield, in 1815. The three following stanzas are from the close of ‘The Poet’s Pilgrimage to Waterloo’.

P. 26. *Thackeray*.—The concluding stanzas of ‘The Chronicle of the Drum’.

P. 27. *Praed*.—Published in *The Gem*, 1831.

P. 34. *Tennyson*.—*Maud*, from which this is taken, appeared in 1855, during the Crimean War.

P. 36. *E. B. Browning*.—From *Casa Guidi Windows*, Part II. Inserted here because of its reference to English opinion.

P. 38. *Trench*.—A Crimean grave.

P. 50. *Wordsworth*.—The scene of Hannibal’s great victory in 217 B.C. The lake lies between Cortona and Perugia, and the stream’s name is Sanguinetto.

P. 52. *Clough*.—Where the men of Brescia for ten days withstood the Austrians—so that no tongue should ‘dare To tell, “The Lombard feared to die !”’—before the battle of Novara, March 23, 1849.

P. 53. *Dobell*.—From *Sonnets on the War*, published in conjunction with Alexander Smith in 1855, the time of the Crimea.

Pp. 59, 64. *Lowell*.—(a) The Biglow Papers, Second Series, No. x; (b) The concluding lines of the Harvard Commemoration Ode, July 21, 1865.

P. 77. *Burns*.—Written in April 1793 to the tune of 'The Mill Mill O'.

P. 79. *Hood*.—From 'The Quakers' *Conversazione*' (1839).

P. 81. *Milton*.—*Paradise Lost*, Book xi.

P. 84. *Longfellow*.—*Hiawatha*. 'This Indian Edda—if I may so call it—is founded on a tradition prevalent among the North American Indians.'

P. 87. *Mackay*.—Tubal Cain was 'an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron' (Gen. iv. 22).

P. 89. *Massinger*.—*The Maid of Honour*, i. i.

P. 90. *Cowper*.—*The Task*: The Winter Morning Walk.

P. 93. *Wordsworth*.—Composed in 1811; published 1815.

P. 94. *Milton*.—*Paradise Lost*, Book II: (a) line 496; (b) line 329.

P. 95. *FitzGerald*.—Given in *Polonius*, 1852, as an 'old saw'.

P. 95. *Adams*.—*Manus haec inimica tyrannis Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem*.—(Algernon Sidney, in an Album of the University of Copenhagen, 1660.)

P. 98. *Milton*.—Stanzas 1-5 of the Hymn.

P. 111. *Gower*.—Stanzas 12, 13, and 16 from a poem addressed to King Henry IV, written about 1400.

P. 117. *Tennyson*.—From *Locksley Hall*, stanzas 59-64.

P. 122. *Shelley*.—The last chorus in *Hellas*.

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